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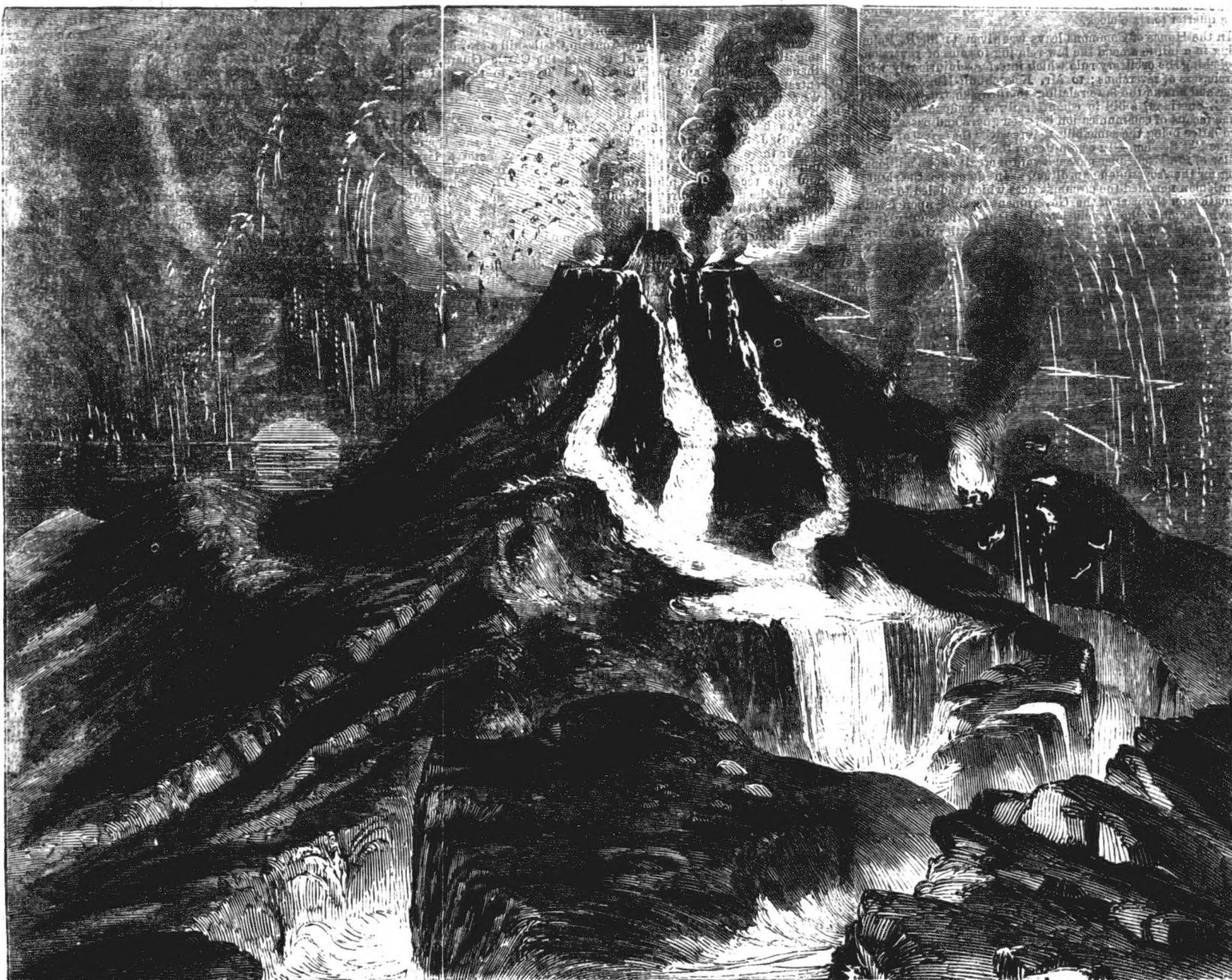
[ONE PENNY.

SHAREHOLDERS AND DIRECTORS,

THE exposures which lately took place in relation to the affairs of the Liverpool Royal Bank invite a variety of reflections as to the relations of shareholders and directors which are so very obvious that, perhaps for that very reason, they are not made by any means so often as they should be. When the common run of investors look out for an investment their great guides are the market price of the shares and, in many cases, the prospectuses or reports which are put out to explain the state of the undertaking or to announce its prospects. These no doubt would be very good guides if only two conditions were fulfilled which in point of fact are continually absent—competent knowledge on the part of the purchasers of shares, and honesty on the part of the authors of prospectuses and annual reports. The continual failures which occur in each of these conditions are probably the chief causes, they are most assuredly very prominent and important causes, of the ruin and misery of which we see so many examples all round us. The price of shares, as every one must know who will give the matter a second thought,

does and must represent, not the deliberate opinion entertained by any person whose opinion is at all worth having of the prospects and position of the undertaking, but the opinion which is formed upon those subjects upon the faith of statements made by persons who generally have the strongest interest in misrepresenting the true state of affairs and artificially keeping up the price of stock. In a word, the market price represents not the deliberate opinion of well-informed dealers in the article, as is more or less the case with the price of the common articles of consumption; but the degree of confidence with which the managers have succeeded in inspiring the outside world, which is altogether a different thing. As to the prospectuses and reports, we will only say that as a rule they deserve hardly any confidence whatever from those who read them as ordinary people do, and without special information as to the facts of the particular case or special familiarity with the manner in which such documents are drawn up. What would any prudent person think of a man who kept half a dozen different shops for different businesses—who was a chemist here, a tailor there, a maker

of agricultural instruments somewhere else, and an underwriter of insurances in the City all the time? We should regard him as a man engaged in riding four horses at once, all of them pulling in opposite directions. Yet what is more common than to see the same name upon the list of the directors of the Universal Coat Manufacturing Company (Limited), the Unadulterated Drug Company (Limited), and so of the others, and to feel, too, that his name gives a certain degree of stability to each of the concerns in which it figures? A still uglier feature is that people who have failed in directing one company appear to have a marvellous gift for obtaining the public confidence in their management of others. It would be no difficult matter to give a list of persons who have in their time been connected with all sorts of undertakings which have departed this life under suspicious circumstances, but who are at this moment directing others with the loudest possible appeals to the confidence of the public, perhaps on the strength of their experience. The publication of such a list would be an undertaking as edifying to the public as it would be unpopular to those who live by companies.



THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS, NOVEMBER 12TH.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, Lord Stanley of Alderley put a question to the Government relative to the new mail contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and elicited from the Duke of Montrose, the Postmaster-General, the explanation that no company but that had made a tender, and that the terms were higher than before in consequence of the company giving notice that they could not renew the contract upon the old conditions. The company asked for a payment of £500,000 a year if the contract were renewed for six years. Deeming that too much, he suggested that they should re-consider the matter. They then offered to carry the mails for £400,000 provided the contract was concluded for twelve years, and the Government, thinking the offer advantageous to the public, closed with them on those terms. Additional ships were to be provided, and the service would be much improved. Instead of only a fortnightly mail to Bombay there would hereafter be a weekly one, whilst the mails to Australia and other places in the East would be accelerated.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the motion of Colonel Taylor a new writ was ordered for the election of a member for the borough of Thetford, in the room of Mr. A. H. Baring, resigned.—Sir T. Lloyd having addressed a question to the Foreign Secretary relative to an alleged domiciliary visit by the Papal police to the residence of Mr. Odo Russell, the British agent at Rome, Lord Stanley stated the facts of the case, from which it appears that on the 9th inst., whilst Mr. Odo Russell was at Florence, the Pontifical police entered the palace at which he then resided, when at Rome, professedly in search of concealed arms, but examined the premises without touching his papers or books. On his return, Mr. Odo Russell at once applied for an explanation to Cardinal Antonelli, who assured him that no domiciliary visit in the ordinary sense of the term was either intended or had taken place, and that the search had been made in consequence of the police having received information that the revolutionists had deposited gunpowder in certain palaces, including that of Mr. Russell, with the intention of blowing them up. Mr. Antonelli also said that the proceeding was not the result of any suspicion that was entertained of the inmates, but had been taken for the safety of their lives and property. Mr. Odo Russell considered this explanation satisfactory, and in that opinion the Foreign Office concurred.—The Metropolitan Street Act (1867) Amendment Bill was read a second time, after some discussion, in which Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Secretary Hardy, Sir G. Bowyer, Alderman Lawrence and Mr. Locke, took part.—Mr. Ayrton recommended that the sixth clause of the act should be repealed, the ordinary Police Act being quite sufficient for the regulation of the streets, and Sir G. Bowyer gave notice that in committee on the bill he should endeavour practically to enforce the suggestion of the member for the Tower Hamlets.—The Drainage and Improvement of Lands (Ireland) Supplemental Bill was read a second time.—Leave was given to Mr. Monseil to bring in a bill to amend the law which regulates the burials of persons in Ireland not belonging to the Established Church; to The O'Conor Don a bill to extend the Industrial Schools' Act to Ireland; and to Lord R. Montagu a bill providing for the acquisition of a site for the East London Museum.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer having laid upon the table an estimate for a vote of credit of two millions for the Abyssinian expedition, the House adjourned at a quarter to six o'clock.

In the House of Commons leave was given to Sir R. Palmer to bring in a bill to amend the law relating to sales of reversions, by abolishing the arbitrary rule which interferes injuriously with the purchasers of reversions; to Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, a bill to alter and amend the laws relating to turnpike trusts; and to Mr. H. B. Sheridan, a bill to compel railway companies to establish some means of communication between guard and passengers—the two latter being the same bills that received the assent of the House in the last Session.—In committee of the whole House, the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved a vote of credit of two millions sterling for the Abyssinian expedition. In doing so the right hon. gentleman narrated the circumstances which had led to the determination on the part of the Government to enter upon hostilities. Having come to the conclusion that it was their duty to advise Her Majesty to have recourse to hostilities, the Government had taken all the means in their power to prevent disaster and secure success. The expense already incurred had been voted and appropriated by Parliament; but that being exhausted, it was necessary now to ask the House for further aid to enable the Government to carry out their policy. With regard to the probable cost of the expenditure, assuming that the war lasted until the month of April next, he anticipated that an expenditure would be incurred of about three millions and a half. That amount would, however, have to be increased if they were called upon to replace the forces withdrawn from India, by a sum of about £300,000. So that the total cost would probably reach four millions. But of that amount only two millions would be payable by the Home Government during the present financial year ending on the 31st of March next. It was possible that the horrors of war might be spared; there were at least persons on the spot who entertained that opinion. In that result the vote was asked the committee to grant would meet the whole expenditure incurred, and it would not be necessary to apply for any further vote in supply for the expedition.—Mr. Lowe met the proposition with what he termed a constitutional objection, and charged the Government with having, through Lord Stanley, in a speech delivered last session, induced the House to believe that they were not going immediately, or even within a short period, to take any decided step against the Abyssinian monarch; but, after creating that impression, they had never ceased from the moment that speech was made in pushing on preparations for the expedition, and had only communicated the fact of their intention to go to war at the supreme moment when the powers of the House were being suspended by the prorogation of Parliament.—Lord Stanley replied in considerable detail to the objections which had been raised in different quarters to the expedition, and demonstrated the utter groundlessness of Mr. Lowe's criticism in particular.—Mr. Horner followed, and the debate was continued to a late hour.

MR. WHALLEY AND THE REFORM CLUB.

The *Weekly Register* is surely under a delusion in believing that moral pressure is being brought to bear upon Mr. Whalley, to induce that gentleman to withdraw his name from the Reform Club. A Protestant gentleman, who is also described as an English judge, is, if our contemporary be not misinformed, agitating for Mr. Whalley's forced retirement, chiefly on account of the interest he is said to have taken in disseminating the foolish and offensive pamphlet entitled "The Confessional Unmasked," but generally because of the virulence of his attacks upon men and things papistical. We shall hardly be suspected of entertaining a very high opinion of the taste or judgment usually displayed by the somewhat crotchety representative of the electoral sagacity of Peterborough. At the same time we should form a still worse opinion of the liberal-mindedness of the committee of the Reform Club, the head-quarters of Liberalism, if it were possible that they could lend themselves to such an act of intolerance. In ordinary cases it would be an impertinence to pry into the home government—the domestic relations—of a London club; but the Reform is almost a national institution. In the eyes of the public it is a political rather than a social gathering, and becomes so far amenable to journalistic criticism.—*Leader.*

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Rev. Archbishop Boyd, M.A., was duly installed into the deanship of Exeter on Saturday.

On Saturday, Mr. G. H. Finch, a Conservative, was elected without opposition as one of the representatives of Rutlandshire, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the accession of the Hon. Gilbert Heathcote to the peerage, on the death of his father, Lord Aveland.

We regret to learn that, acting under medical advice, Mr. E. Potter, M.P. for Carlisle, has been obliged to pair for a short time in consequence of ill health. We may add, however, that the hon. gentleman is considerably better, and that it is hoped that in the course of a few weeks he will be enabled to resume his parliamentary duties.

The Pope is said to be slightly unwell. The Papal Government is so well assured that it has nothing more to fear from the Garibaldians that it is about to consign over to the Italian authorities 900 Garibaldian prisoners, and it has ordered the removal of the fortifications before the gates of Rome.

The Paris papers state that many thousand objects of Art have been purchased at the Paris Exhibition by English collectors. The South Kensington Museum has acquired *Fourdinois*' superb inlaid cabinet for £2,700, Signor Castellani's collection of Italian peasant jewellery for £1,100, and the Theymar collection of Arabian and Cairene ornaments.

The Prince of Wales left the Duc'd'Aumale's seat at Woodnor-ton, Worcestershire, on Saturday morning at 11.55. The Duc'd'Aumale accompanied the Prince to Evesham station, where a number of persons had assembled, and the Prince left for Sandringham in a special train amidst loud cheers. The volunteers formed a guard of honour.

Mr. JACOB BRIGHT has been elected M.P. for Manchester, in the room of Mr. E. James, deceased. The contest appears to have been a somewhat close one, and the Conservative candidate, Alderman Bennett, obtained a very large though an insufficient proportion of votes. The numbers published by the committee were:—Bright, 8,260; Bennett, 6,409; Henry, 642. The successful candidate is a brother of Mr. John Bright.

The *Orchestra* gives currency to a rumour which, we believe, has more foundation than the generality of such tales. This is, that the conductorship of the Grand Opéra at Paris has been offered to Mr. Costa. The same journal adds a wish which every real musician must heartily join—that this will prove an offer, and no more. No announcement has yet reached us of Herr Eckert's arrival in Paris. It may be stated in the fewest words of the plainest English, that Mr. Costa is not to be replaced, in our time at least; such a position as he holds being not built up in a day, were any one so competent as himself at hand.

A NUMBER of West-end and City gentlemen propose to raise a fund to be presented as a testimonial to Dr. Beke. "To have spent his life and fortune in literary researches, in foreign travels, in geographical and ethnological explorations, in historical and biblical criticism, with mind ever active, and a pen always ready to serve his country and his fellow creatures;—to have stimulated, facilitated, and directed the labours of others, especially in the field of African and Niloti discovery;—constitutes the peculiar reputation of Dr. Beke, and entitles him to receive the respect and gratitude of his fellow countrymen." Mr. W. H. Black and Dr. Hyde Clarke are acting as honorary secretaries to the committee.

SOme very incorrect accounts have appeared of the way in which the deputation who went to Windsor Castle were received. The following is from the *Windsor Express*:—"The deputation were speedily recognised, and as they went up Castle-hill a crowd began to gather. They were allowed to pass the Castle Guard, and thence up the hill and past the Round Tower to the porter's entrance, near the Norman Tower. In the lobby at this time there were the Mayor of Windsor (Mr. J. W. Wellman), with Mr. Eykyn, M.P., Mr. Alderman Holderness and Mr. Devereux, two of the borough magistrates, the Rev. J. H. Thompson, and the Rev. S. J. Stone. In the open space at the foot of the Round Tower there were several members of the corporation and a large number of the inhabitants. After the presentation of the memorial and the receipt of replies to it from General Grey and Sir J. Cowell, the deputation retired, followed by a large mob, by whom, as soon as they had left the precincts of the Castle by Henry VIII.'s gateway, they were loudly hooted. Threats were uttered that the men should be ducked in the Thames, but there was no attempt at molestation, and the deputation repaired to the waiting-room at the Great Western station. The police and railway officials kept back the crowd, and the mayor and magistrates, with other respectable inhabitants, were admitted to the waiting-room. There was no train to town until ten minutes past two o'clock, but in view of the evidently mischievous disposition of the mob outside, which increased every minute, and would doubtless have been greatly augmented between one and two o'clock, the deputation accepted the advice to proceed as far as Slough by the train leaving Windsor at ten minutes past one o'clock. Mr. Simmons, the station-master, informed the mayor that he would have the train backed close up to the end of the platform nearest the waiting-room, and just before the time for the departure of the train this arrangement was quickly carried out. It was fortunate for the men that this was done, for as soon as they left the waiting-room they were recognized by an immense crowd that were assembled in the station-yard, on the opposite side of the line, and received with yells, hooting, and hissing. The train left the station in safety, amid a perfect storm of execration."

THE POOR LAW STAFF.

THE vacant inspectorship, in the Poor Law Staff has been filled by the appointment of "Mr. Heardley, of Sidley, Somerset." We have remarked upon the custom of giving these posts to country squires and political adherents of no particular qualification, as one which did not seem to have worked very well. Now that the Secretary and the President of the Poor-Law Board have both within the last fortnight publicly admitted the fact that the workhouses are, in truth, what Mr. Ernest Hart, in his article two years since in the *Fortnightly Review*, described them—our State hospitals—it might be expected that the gentlemen appointed to inspect these establishments should have some knowledge and experience in respect to hospital construction and management. This is necessarily essential to their task. We ask, then, as a matter of not altogether impertinent curiosity, whether the newly-appointed inspector of our workhouse hospitals has any such knowledge or experience? We hope that the question will be echoed in another place, where questions of the kind must be answered. At this moment, when it is evident that the arrangements for the sick in country workhouses require careful examination, it is very desirable that, as vacancies occur, the inspecting staff should be strengthened to the utmost.

THE MOUTH OF THE DANUBE.—According to a report just issued by the Austrian Consul-General at Galatz, much still remains to be done before the mouth of the Danube can be extensively used as a harbour for European ships. He says that the entrance to the river has, in consequence of the works carried out by the Danubian Commission, become accessible to the largest ships, and that Sulina is now the only safe port in the Black Sea. Unfortunately this magnificent harbour is not provided with any of the appliances of modern civilization. "Instead of a large commercial town with docks and storehouses, there is nothing but a row of wooden hovels half sunk in a marsh."

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

The list is out of candidates for mathematical honours. There are 104 names down, but the list will probably be subject to some alterations.

A SPECIAL edition of the *Warrington Guardian* announces the death of Edward Cook, wife, and four children, by a dreadful fire at Middlewich on Sunday morning.

On Friday several men were tried at the Court of Quarter Sessions at Exeter for taking part in the riots at Torquay. The men named Chudleigh were sentenced to two months' imprisonment each; another named Strong to three months' imprisonment; and the rest of the prisoners were acquitted.

On Tuesday evening an alarming fire broke out at Pickford's goods warehouse in Kentish-town. By the great exertions of various fire brigades, powerfully aided by Major Wombwell and a detachment of Guardsmen, with the large engine from Albany-street Barracks, the fire was confined to the range of buildings in which it broke out. The amount of damage done is considerable.

At two o'clock on Friday morning, Edward Russell and Charles Rivers, who stated they had come from Liverpool, were arrested in Butter-market street, Warrington. On being searched loaded revolvers and daggers were found in their possession. They were subsequently taken before the mayor, and remanded, and conveyed to Kirkdale for safe custody.

The Irish papers express much sympathy with the noble family of Leinster, in consequence of the death of Lady Geraldine Fitzgerald, eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, who has fallen a victim to scarlet fever from the assiduous attention with which she attended her younger brothers and sisters when under the disease at Carton. Lady Geraldine was in her eighteenth year, and was presented at Court last spring.

THERE was a meeting in the Arts School at Cambridge on Friday afternoon to discuss Professor Bosworth's offer to invest £10,000 for the foundation of an Anglo-Saxon Professorship, but as only the Vice-Chancellor and two members of the Senate attended there was no discussion. It may be supposed, therefore, that the University is quite willing to accept the munificent offer on the conditions on which it is made.

The authorities of Trinity College, Cambridge, have announced that in April next six Minor Scholarships (two of £100, two of £75, and two of £50) will be competed for by candidates who have not yet commenced residence in the University, and who are under twenty years of age. It is also announced that for the future the seventy-four Foundation Scholarships of the College will be open to students in their first year from all colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, and to students in all years in Trinity.

On Saturday night another outrage was perpetrated in the streets of Dublin. Two constables were standing at the door of Sackville-place Police-station, in the very heart of the city, when a shot was fired at them from a lane opposite. Men were seen near the spot and pursued, but they escaped by mixing with the people in the next street. News has also been received of serious bread riots in Belfast, on account of the high prices charged by the bakers; and we learn that the police in return charged the mob.

ON Tuesday, Dr. Richard Rudd Robinson, of Newbury, Berkshire, was brought before the magistrates on the charge of having, during the years of 1865 to 1867, received to board and lodge a lunatic, named Caroline Stevens, his house not being licensed, and there being no medical certificate that the person was a lunatic. Mr. Lewis, who prosecuted on behalf of the Lunacy Commissioners, stated that Miss Stevens had lived several years in Dr. Robinson's house. There was nothing reflecting on the doctor's character or conduct as a medical practitioner, but the charge simply arose from his dereliction of duty in not complying with the statute. Evidence was given, proving that the young lady was a lunatic, although it was not shown that her mind was affected when she was first received into Dr. Robinson's house in 1854. Mr. Gibbons, on behalf of the family of Miss Stevens, thanked Dr. Robinson for the care he had bestowed on her, and contended that she was not a lunatic in 1854, and that circumstances had arisen preventing the defendant giving the seven days' notice required by the Act of Parliament. The Bench committed Dr. Robinson for trial at the assizes, but admitted him to bail.

THE execution of the three Fenians at Manchester took place on Saturday morning at eight o'clock. The preparations of the authorities were of so imposing a character that anything like disturbance was placed beyond possibility. Barricades were erected, and the police and military occupied every commanding point. The crowd which assembled was immense; but the scaffold was so enwrapped in a dense fog, which had set in from an early hour, as to be scarcely visible at fifty yards' distance; and the last dread sentence of the law was completed for some minutes before the greater part of the vast concourse was aware of the fact. The unhappy men are described as having entertained hopes of a reprieve up to the last hour. The brief scene on the scaffold seemed to acquire additional horrors from the dense and dark condition of the atmosphere. The prisoners did not exhibit any of the bravado which marked their conduct on receiving sentence. They met their fate with a less degree of firmness than many who have passed out of the world before them by the same dreadful portal; and Larkin is said to have fainted and was falling at the instant the drop fell. We give full particulars elsewhere.—Telegrams from Liverpool and Birmingham, and other places, where the Irish element is largely present in the population, reported the utmost quietude on Saturday.—On Sunday, at Birmingham, a procession of about 5,000, went to the cemetery, and their leader, who does not appear to have been a priest, recited the Romish prayers for the dead. A feeling of solemnity pervaded the mass, and at the close they dispersed quietly.

MEXICO.—A large body of financial, commercial, and military celebrities left New York on the 25th of October for Mexico. Among them was General Sturm, Chief of Ordnance of Indiana during the late war, who supplied the Liberals in Mexico with over three millions' worth of arms and ammunition, and who now goes to settle with the Government and ascertain its probable future wants. The others are chiefly members of large commercial firms in New York whose object is to establish direct business relations with Mexico. Senor Romero, the Mexican Minister, was to join the party at Charleston, South Carolina.

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to water, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan.*—[ADVT.]

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]

METROPOLITAN.

ON Saturday an inquest was held in the Marylebone-road on the body of James Lee, 33 years of age, who fell down and died in the street, after an enormous meal. Mr. W. Cathron, F.R.C.S., deposed to making the post-mortem examination, and said that the stomach contained 1lb. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of solids, each piece of beef or mutton weighing half an ounce. The intestines were full of undigested food. The cause of death was spasm of the heart from an over-distended stomach. A verdict to that effect was returned.

ON Sunday a large crowd assembled on Clerkenwell-green, and went in procession to Hyde-park, where Mr. Finlan, the hero of the Home Office, delivered a funeral oration to one crowd, while a second crowd held a meeting under the presidency of Mr. Weston, one of the Council of the Reform League, and passed resolutions declaring that the execution was a judicial murder, and thanking the Marchioness of Queensberry for her gift to the families of the executed murderers.

ON Saturday, a man of gentlemanly appearance, who gave the name of Barry, but who is alleged to be Captain Burke, a Fenian leader, was brought before Sir Thomas Henry, at the Bow-street Police-office. The prisoner was not arrested without difficulty, and would probably have escaped had not Inspector Thompson, a detective, drawn a revolver and threatened to shoot him. Another man named Casey assisted in resisting the constable, and was also taken into custody. An informer named De Valeye gave positive evidence of Burke's complicity with Fenianism, and the prisoners were remanded.

THERE was a meeting on Friday of the directors of the Royal West India Mail Company, when the papers from their superintendent at St. Thomas, relating to the sad loss of their steamers Rhone and Wye, were placed before them. As regards the passengers on board the Rhone, it will be very satisfactory to the public to know that the number has been greatly exaggerated in the telegram that have been published from New York, for instead of 134, the company have at present a knowledge of only seven persons.

A DREADFUL accident happened on Saturday to a young girl, aged 18 years, named Rebecca Young, who occupied the position of housemaid at White's Lodge, Putney. Whilst she was cleaning a fender, and in a stooping position, a spark flew out of the fire, which she had just previously lighted, and lodged on the back portion of her dress; she was unconscious of this until her dress ignited, and she was soon in one sheet of flame. Her screams brought immediate assistance, and the fire was put out, but it was found that her injuries from burns were so great that it was necessary to take her to St. George's Hospital, where she now lies without any hopes being entertained of her recovery.

A CURIOUS explosion took place on Saturday at the Woolwich Arsenal which occasioned for a brief space considerable alarm. Rumours had been rife of Fenian intentions to fire the magazines if the sentence upon their friends at Manchester was carried out, and the police were all on the qui vive. A telegram of the execution at Manchester had just arrived at the arsenal, when suddenly a loud report was heard and a dense cloud of smoke ascended from behind the shell foundry. This seemed at first as though the Fenians had, at least, attempted to be as good as their word, but a few minutes sufficed to remove all apprehensions. A workman employed in breaking up old shells finding one with some powder in it, dropped a live coal into the cavity, and hence the explosion which so quickly followed the announcement that the Fenians had expiated their guilt on the scaffold.

THE HURRICANE IN THE WEST INDIES.

IT may probably appear that the startling intelligence of the submersion of the island of Tortola, received by way of New York and Havana, is a strange exaggeration of the news brought by the Douro, but it is necessary to remember that the telegraphic news was without a date, and it not impossible that the lesser disaster reported by the Douro may have been followed by the greater reported in the New York telegrams. The region is one of the most volcanic on the face of the earth. More than six hundred shocks of earthquake have occurred in it during the comparatively short period of recorded history; and in such a region no change in the physical configuration of the earth need be regarded as impossible, or even unlikely. It is not, however, necessary to imagine anything so dramatic as the lowering of the island below the level of the sea to permit us to suppose that Tortola may have been submerged. The highest point of Tortola is stated to be only about 160 feet above the sea. Now, during the prevalence of great hurricanes in the Western Atlantic, waves frequently rise as high as 60 feet, measuring from the trough, and produce a rise on the coast line of 30 feet. Besides that, a shock of earthquake produces a great swelling of the sea, such as has on several memorable occasions caused most disastrous inundations. If both those influences were exerted at the same time, a body of water would be cast upon the shores of Tortola which the hurricane certainly might carry up the sloping hills so as to sweep clean over the island. There is good reason to hope, however, that we know the extent of the disaster that has befallen the island; but these possibilities prevent an absolute judgment being come to in a matter still enveloped in some degree of doubt.—*Daily News.*

REMARKABLE EXPENDITURE.

THE operation of nut-cracking by means of the Nasmyth hammer is a wonderful thing to behold, once in a way. But if that machinery were used for no other purpose, people would be inclined to think there was not only a great waste of power, but also a great lack of intelligence, somewhere. In a small way the Scottish Legal Burial and Loan Society are acting very much in this fashion. The Abstract of the Society's affairs for the year 1866 is now lying before us, and we are assured that their mode of doing business has since undergone no change—at least, for the better. In that year the sum of £16,188 was collected from members for funeral benefits, and £8 00 for management expenses. The funeral fund proved more than sufficient, but the managerial fell short of that branch of the expenditure. The money expended on funerals was no more than £12,456, while the management absorbed £8,627; so that it actually cost twenty shillings to expend thirty. In other words, the society's capital was impaired to the extent of £50 whenever a member was benefited to the extent of £30. At this rate cremation would be less costly, as well as a less unwholesome mode of disposing of the dead, than interment. Perhaps if the numbers were to examine the books a little more closely, that would find that a nut could be cracked without using quite so powerful a hammer.—*Leader.*

THE PAPAL STATES.—The official, *Giornale di Roma*, says that many Garibaldians are assembled near the frontier. They appear unarmed, but seem to meditate fresh attacks. A body of fifty men entered Cervara and carried off three persons, demanding 8,000 crowns as ransom. Others entered Castiglione on the 14th, hauled down the Pontifical flag, and committed other excesses. "These facts," concludes the *Giornale*, "revive brigandage, which had ceased." It is stated that the Pontifical Government has consented to take part in the Conference on the Roman question, abandoning its claims to the restitution of the Marches and of Umbria, under the guarantee of the Powers participating in the Conference.—We give some views of Italy which will be found of interest.—The Italian Government, on account of the health of Garibaldi being impaired by the climate of Spezia, have given orders for the removal of the general to his home at Caprera.—On Tuesday, two French regiments of the line, with artillery and cavalry, left Rome for Civita Vecchia.

PROVINCIAL.

WE are enabled this week to chronicle another step in the progress of army reform, which although very trifling in its nature will affect the comfort of every man in the service. The heavy thick woollen forage cap worn by privates is to be superseded by another of a greatly improved pattern, similar to those now issued to sergeants, to be made of cloth, which, besides being much more comely, will be lighter, more comfortable, and healthy than the present one. A change is also about to be made in the forage cap worn by field officers, in the addition of a piece of gold lace round the peak, which will serve as a distinctive mark of field officers. Government have proposed to purchase and take up the telegraph lines; and if they had the railways as well as the telegraphs, the natural place for the post-offices and telegraph-offices would be the railway-stations. The post-master and his staff might perform the functions of ticket issuer and forwarder of telegraphic messages in addition to their present duties. The mails would be sorted immediately upon arrival. The vehicle which brings the mails from the train to the post-office would, in such cases bring the letter carriers with their bags. All telegraph messages might be paid in stamps, and the telegrams either sent to the stations or deposited in the letter-pillars or wall-boxes, which could be emptied every hour. This consolidation of several duties would be a great public convenience and a considerable saving of expense.

A BRUTAL murder was discovered on Saturday morning, at Mexley, four or five miles from Wolverhampton. A woman named Bagott, aged 35, went with her husband's supper to the adjacent ironworks, where he worked as furnace-man. This was between eight and nine o'clock. She was observed by a neighbour about nine apparently hastening home, which, however, she never reached. Her husband left work at two in the morning and finding his home empty went to her mother's house and inquired for her in vain. At daybreak her husband and his father went in search of her, and the latter on going along the road was called by some lads into a plantation by the roadside where lay the dead body of his daughter-in-law. She had evidently been murdered. There were marks of a severe struggle, and her face was covered with blood. The medical evidence is to the effect that death was caused by forcible compression of the windpipe, and much blood had flown from the nostrils. No clue has yet been discovered to the perpetrator of this shocking crime.

THE announcement of the execution of the three Fenians in Manchester was received in Dublin with little or no excitement. From nine o'clock the newspaper offices were almost crowded by persons wishing to get the earliest intelligence from England. The *Irishman*, a paper so often mentioned during the Manchester trials, appeared in mourning, and gave a long account in its third edition of the scene on the scaffold, concluding with the request that as on Sunday at every mass prayers will be offered up for the men who have just paid the last penalty, the people of Ireland should join in their prayers. In its leader column it details in the form of a psalm headed "The Holocausts," the grievances of the people, with the view of pointing out that England has brought about results such as those for which the Fenians have been hanged. The following are the principal paragraphs relating to the execution:—"Behold England's justice in the conviction and condemnation. Behold England's mercy in the sentence and execution of the political prisoners. There, indeed, written large and deep—written in letters indelible, written in letters of blood—read the mercy and justice of England. They died far from the land they loved—far from the nation they would fain have served, foully slandered by the organs of a sanguinary aristocracy, in the midst of five thousand bayonets. It was said as an excuse that they were offenders against society; but an army had to interfere between them and the people to prevent a rescue. It was said as an excuse they were mere non-political criminals, but they offered their lives to save those of two fellow-men whom they believed were patriots, and died with their faces turned to the West, with trust in God in their souls, and on their lips the patriotic cry, 'God save Ireland.' Dead, dead, dead. But there are those who think in death they will be more powerful than in life. There are those who will read on their tombs the prayer for an avenger to spring from their bones, exoriare si quis ex ossibus ultor, and we foresee troubles and trepidations which might have been averted by a humane policy, which we fain would have averted, and which we pray, by wise counsels, may yet be saved the nations. Mistaken as these martyred men may have been, they yet shall be remembered in their native land, along with those who have gone before them; nor shall their deaths shake her desire for a legislative independence, nor her trust in its speedy consummation. From the morning watches even to the night, Israel shall hope in the Lord. Because with the Lord there is mercy; with Him there is plentiful redemption. And he shall redeem Israel from all who work in iniquity."

THE cadets of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst appear resolved to achieve for themselves and their college a most unenviable notoriety. From time to time, for some years past, rumours and well-authenticated statements have come to our ears of outbreaks more or less serious, arguing a most unsatisfactory state of discipline; but matters appear now to have reached a climax, and the accounts we have received demand more serious attention. We understand that somewhat more than a fortnight ago a number of cadets rushed into the shop of one of those Jew tradesmen, half-jeweller half-moneylender, so common in the neighbourhood of garrisons and large naval stations, and on the ground of his having in some way offended them, commenced to destroy the contents of his shop, and afterwards to ill-use and maltreat the man himself.

After doing as much damage as they cared to do at that particular time, they returned to barracks, but on the next three nights they marched through the streets of Yorktown in large numbers, and made a great disturbance, throwing fireworks on all sides. On the fifth night they again attacked the house which they had first commenced with, and endeavoured to beat down the front of the shop, but failing in this attempt, they adjourned to a butcher's shop, which, as well as that of a jeweller next door, they attacked, throwing stones, smashing windows, and letting off fireworks. Damage to a not inconsiderable amount was done to property, and a poor woman who was purchasing in the butcher's shop had her head cut open by one of the stones. Passengers in the streets having been beaten and injured, the cadets proceeded to a billiard-room belonging to the jeweller whose shop they had last attacked, and endeavoured to set it on fire. Fortunately, although a wooden structure, it would not take fire easily, and escaped. We are told that at this stage of the proceedings the college authorities interfered, and induced the rioters to return to the Enclosure, where they amused themselves by setting fire to a skittle-alley, which was burnt to the ground. Six days of this disgraceful conduct had now passed, and the following day, Sunday, the 3rd inst., some of the cadets were placed in arrest, and pickets were posted to prevent the cadets leaving the Enclosure. But on Sunday evening they assembled in rear of St. Michael's Church, and interrupted Divine service by yelling, bowling, and shouting, so as to create a perfect uproar. We hear of no further rioting after this Sunday night, whether because the actors in the disturbances were tired of them, or because they began to think they had gone a little too far even for Sandhurst, we do not know; but we are not surprised at being told that the inhabitants of Yorktown live in a state of actual terror. They dare not tell the whole truth about the cadets' behaviour for fear of ill-treatment, and a complete reign of brute force prevails. The village is not considered safe after dark on account of the mischievous and wanton outrages which appear to have hitherto been allowed to run riot unchecked.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE excellent French band of Les Guides has ceased to exist. Mr. Charles Dickens has arrived safe and well at Boston, b. the steamer Cuba.

BRIGANDAGE has re-commenced on a large scale in the Campagna and Marittima Provinces.

THE French troops are concentrating in Rome, previous to their departure. One regiment has left for Civita Vecchia.

THE debate on foreign policy in the French Senate will probably take place next week; it is believed that, according to custom, M. Thiers will lead the "forlorn hope."

For the last three days the mails from London have arrived some eight or nine hours behind time in Paris. The letters and papers due at ten a.m. are only delivered at half-past six, and those due at seven p.m. are only distributed next morning. We are told that this delay arises from the late storms in the Channel, which have blocked up the entrance to Calais harbour. In any case it gives rise to serious inconvenience, and complaints are general that the Post-Office authorities do not issue a notification on the subject. The number of our countrymen in Paris and its environs is sufficiently large to entitle them to this slight mark of courtesy, and we are convinced that the state of the case, once made known in the proper quarter, would immediately elicit from the subaltern officials the information which is now somewhat ungraciously refused to anxious applicants.

THE Civil Tribunal of Pontoise has just given judgment in a most romantic and mysterious will case. The subject of litigation was the right to a sum of £20,000, but the interest of the case consists in the extraordinary disclosures made in court, a supposed murder and a suicide being among the salient features. The following are the details of the affair, which reads more like a penny romance than a chapter from life:—About a twelvemonth ago the body of a respectably-dressed man was discovered in the Seine. From papers found on the corpse it appeared that deceased's name was Jourdan, and that he lived at Montmorency. An enquiry was instituted, and it was discovered that deceased resided in a small chateau, which he had built originally for himself. Although young he lived with an old woman in a most retired state. Neither the one nor the other was ever seen to receive any friends, and none of the neighbours could give information concerning the interior of the mysterious abode. The authorities found the chateau closed on all sides, the shutters being fastened and the doors bolted. Since the finding of the body of Jourdan in the Seine, the old woman had not made her appearance. The doors were consequently broken open, and in a room on the first floor, stretched on the ground, was found the body of the old woman; death had already taken place several days. Had a crime been committed? No article of value was missing, and the doctors believed that she had died a natural death. The strange coincidence of the two deaths remains a mystery. Was the death of Jourdan the result of suicide? No one can tell. From the inquiries set on foot it was soon discovered that the pretended Jourdan was none other than a M. Tonnlet, belonging to a rich and highly-respectable family in Paris. In 1847 he lost his mother; he was then only fourteen years old. Among his father's servants was an Alsatian named Marguerite Schneider, who, it appears, had an extraordinary influence over the mind of young Tonnlet, which, the plaintiffs allege, was of a rather idiotic turn. In 1855 his father died, and on the next day young Tonnlet, who had inherited his father's fortune, disappeared with Marguerite Schneider, leaving a letter behind stating that he had gone to America. It appears, however, that the ill-tempered couple took a house in a most retired spot in the suburbs of Paris, where Marguerite Schneider passed under the name of Madame Rame, and Tonnlet as her nephew. Here they led a most strange existence. No one was ever allowed to go beyond the garden-gate, the shutters of the house were always closed, and two immense dogs were stationed in the garden to prevent the approach of any intruder. At length sinister rumours were spread about concerning these mysterious hermits, and the curiosity of the neighbours was complicated when, on one fine morning, they discovered that the misanthropic aunt and her nephew had disappeared without leaving any trace of their flight. They next turned up at Montmorency, where, as already stated, they lived a similar life, under the name of Jourdan. But the turning point in the story is yet to be told. A few months ago Tonnlet fell violently in love with a young lady of good family, at Montmorency. He proposed for her hand, but the parents finding that they had to do with such a strange idiotic character, refused their consent. What passed between Marguerite Schneider and her pretended nephew at this period is not known. All that is known is that Tonnlet was found dead in the Seine, and Marguerite Schneider dead in her room. A will was discovered by which Tonnlet, a few weeks after his father's death, had left all his property, amounting to about £20,000 to the servant Schneider. The representatives of Tonnlet sued that the will should be annulled, on the ground that undue influence had been brought to bear on Tonnlet, who, moreover, they alleged, was not in a fit state of mind to make a will. On the side of Marguerite Schneider, a long procession of Alsatians, consisting of shoemakers, municipal guards, sellers of choucroute, &c., supported the legality of the will. Strange to say, contrary to the arguments of the Procureur Imperial, the Tribunal rejected the demand for annulling the will, and adjudged the succession to the representatives of the old Alsatian *bonne*, Marguerite Schneider.

BLATANT CREATURES.

MR. FINLAN and his friends have tightened the noose which many a relenting heart and kindly hand were striving to loosen. In the teeth of open menace and defiance there is nothing left but for the law to take its course. The English people have not yet committed the government of their country to the hands of a reckless, irresponsible mob. But, after all, the chief offender is Mr. Gathorne Hardy, who appears to have succeeded to Mr. Walpole's pusillanimity as well as to his office. Half-a-dozen policemen would have made very short work of the "demonstration"—a gutta-percha sort of word, of very varied application. Nobody, of course, regards these blatant creatures as the representatives of Irish feeling. They represent, however, a much more formidable danger to society. They represent the "rowdism" which is coming up so unpleasantly to the surface, and which will have to be put down with a strong hand. We do not, indeed, entirely accept Mr. Disraeli's epigram, that without order there can be no liberty, for history furnishes many examples of national independence combined with civic and individual lawlessness. But, so far as this country is concerned, we are all of one mind as to the necessity of enforcing the reverence due to lawfully constituted authority, and of suppressing all pinchbeck imitations of Jack Cade.—*Leader.*

SALMON FISHERIES.—Mr. Percy Wyndham has already given notice that he intends to question the Government on the salmon fisheries of the Solway. Whether he and other salmon preservers will succeed in improving our still defective legislation in such matters, with Abyssinia absorbing all the chief interest of the present session, may perhaps be doubted. But at any rate there is one reason for hope. If we know very little about Abyssinia, we know a good deal about salmon. We know not only what destroys them and how to breed them and to foster them in the days of infancy, but we know that even with all the new measures for their preservation they still are so scarce that their price is practically enormous.

RUSSIFICATION.

HITHERTO there have been only two organs in the Russian press, the *Wiest* (News) and the *St. Petersburg News*, which have opposed the system of Russification now being pursued by the Government in Poland. To these a third is to be added on the 1st of January, under the editorship of M. Kirkor, late of the *Wilna Courier*. The new paper is to be called the *New Time*, and is to represent "the real wants of all the Slavonic races." The editor announces that one of his chief objects will be to bring about a reconciliation between the Poles and the Russians, and to prevent a continuance of that persecution of the Polish element which has been now adopted as the leading principle of Government in Lithuania and Congress Poland, and has brought those countries to the verge of ruin. The Polish landowners have become so impoverished by the special tax imposed exclusively on persons of Polish origin that a great number of them have been forced to sell their estates, and 430 villages have thus passed into Russian hands since the insurrection. Another plan for getting rid of the Polish element which has been carried out on a large scale in Russian Poland is that of

CHILDREN'S DINNERS.

It is hardly necessary to plead for the "children's dinner tables" which are now being established to supply sickly children with suitable food either when their parents cannot afford it, or when the circumstances of their homes are such that it is very difficult to provide them with special sustenance. They are so obviously useful and pleasant; it does so much good to the little, weak, delicate things that are chosen to get "two meals a week of the best meat and pudding, nicely cooked and served;" and the whole process is so cheering and strengthening to those that give and those that share the simple feast, that few can withhold sympathy and help from such an enterprise. Half the pleasure is in seeing the dinner eaten, and the little people enjoying it, and playing awhile afterwards. We recommend a subscription and a visit to a well-conducted children's dinner table as a new sensation, and very refreshing to those that have not yet enjoyed it, and we may mention one conducted by the Rev. Harry Jones, in the rooms under St. Luke's, Berwick-street, W., as greatly needing liberal help just now.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

A SINGULAR series of accidents, culminating in loss of life, happened between Friday night and Saturday morning on the Great Western Railway between Birmingham and Chester. Late on Friday night a passenger train ran into a goods train near Ruabon, under circumstances which have not yet transpired. One of the results of the collision was that the main line was blocked, and among the trains detained was a goods train from Manchester, which was due out of Shrewsbury at 11.45 p.m. It did not, however, leave the letter-station till about three o'clock on Saturday morning, and then proceeded on its journey at increased speed, having three hours lost time to make up. After passing Upton Magna, three and a half miles from Shrewsbury, an axle of one of the leading wagons snapped in two pieces and the wagon broke down. The rest coming on at full speed, being suddenly stopped by the impediment thus created, were heaped one upon the top of another in a state of inextricable confusion, several being thrown across the down line. On the state of affairs becoming known in Shrewsbury a strong break-down gang was despatched



THE SECRET INTERMENT OF THE DUKE DE PRASLIN.—(AFTER A PICTURE BY A FRENCH ARTIST.)

transporting whole villages bodily into the interior of Russia. In this manner 120,000 people have been sent out of the country, 60,000 of whom are now "colonising" Siberia.

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THIS celebrated building was begun and finished under the Emperor Justinian, between the years 531 and 537. It is in the form of a Greek cross, 269 feet in length by 243 wide. The diameter of the dome is rather more than the dome of St. Paul's, London, and 18 feet less than that of St. Peter's at Rome. The interior is lighted by 24 windows ranged round its circumference. The original dome was not so lofty. It was thrown down by an earthquake twenty-one years after its erection. The interior is spacious and imposing, not being broken by aisles or choirs. The floor is of variegated marble mostly covered with mats and carpets. The building is said to contain 170 columns of marble, granite, and other stone.

THE SECRET INTERMENT OF THE DUKE DE PRASLIN.

THE circumstances connected with the above event, although twenty years have rolled round since their occurrence, still live in the remembrance of many noble families of France. The Duke de Praslin was a prodigal and a libertine in the widest sense of those terms; his duchess, on the contrary, was a most estimable and talented lady, beloved by a large circle of friends, and the fond mother of a numerous family. For years she had put up with the neglect of her husband until his conduct could no longer be tolerated. Her remonstrances drew forth his deepest hatred, and one night he stole into her room and secretly murdered her. His crime, however, was brought home to him, and he was doomed to the guillotine. To escape from this fate, he committed suicide, and was buried at midnight in the cemetery of Mount Parnassus, Paris, in the manner shown in our illustration, which is taken from a picture by a French artist.

to the scene of the accident, and by ten o'clock on Saturday morning one line was sufficiently cleared to permit of the passage of the early train for Birmingham, which had been delayed for two hours. The men were kept working all day and night, and satisfactory progress had been made, when a third and fatal accident happened. A wagon was being raised by means of a powerful moveable crane made for the purpose, when by some inadvertence the break was removed, and the winding-up handle commenced to revolve with great rapidity, carrying with it one of the men, who each time the handle went round was dashed against the ground. A second man received a severe cut on the head, and the two sufferers were immediately removed to the infirmary at Shrewsbury, but on their arrival one was found to be dead.

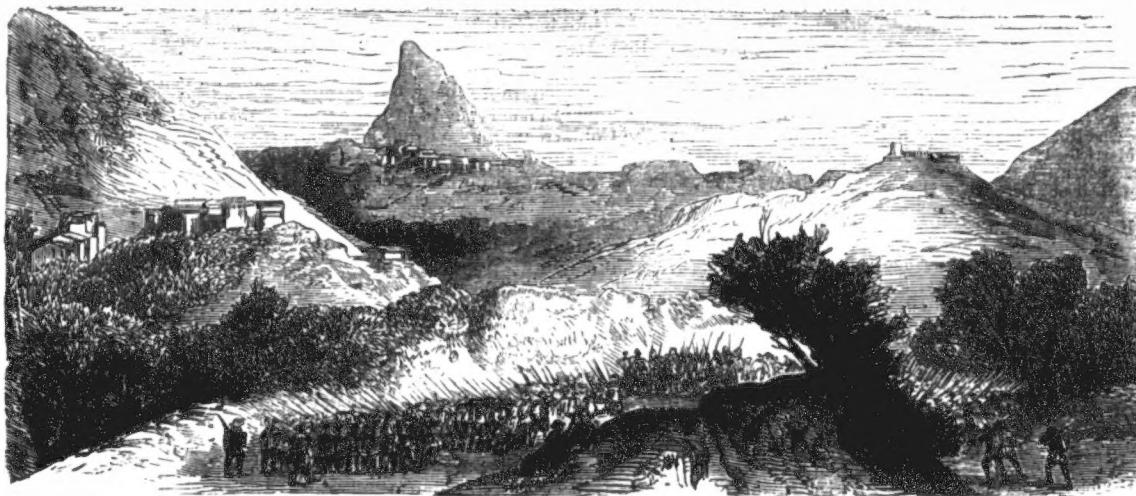
We learn with pleasure that a new play is in preparation for Mr. Fechter's appearance at the Adelphi, by Mr. Wilkie Collins. The author of that thoroughly original drama, "The Lighthouse," has been too little seen and heard on our stage.

ITALIAN REPUBLICANS.

An important meeting of Italian Republicans, under the presidency of Mazzini, has taken place at Lugano. The proceedings began by a speech from the president, who compared the Italy of the present day with the France of 1830, Menabrea with Polignac, Garibaldi with General Lafayette. It only depended on Garibaldi, he said, to give the signal for the outbreak of a great Socialist movement in Europe, and he had only abstained from doing so on account of the great responsibility such a step would cast upon him. The Italian monarchy was now no more. It had been struck in the heart at Aspromonte, and it was buried at Mentana. He did not think Italy sympathised much with Republicanism, but she had now no alternative but to accept it as there was no sovereign dynasty which could replace that of Victor Emmanuel. Several other speeches followed, after which it was resolved to hasten as much as possible the convocation of Parliament, and to prevail upon the Republican deputies to resign their seats, unless the Government would bind itself to settle by a plebiscitum the question whether Rome is to be the capital of Italy. Other resolutions were also passed, in pursuance of which an insurrection was to be prepared in Sicily and Calabria, insurrectionary committees to be organised in all the principal towns of the country, and their inhabitants persuaded to refuse to pay the taxes.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which, as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty, our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farrington-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Crispe, Charing-cross. [ADVT.]

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE REDUCTION IN DUTY, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



RETREAT OF GARIBALDIANS AFTER THE BATTLE OF MENTANA.

VIEW OF CORFU.

THE city and port of Corfu is the most important of the Ionian Islands. It consists of the town and citadel, both fortified, and has several suburbs, one of which is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient city of Corcyra, founded by the Corinthians about the same time with Syracuse. The citadel, separated from the town by wet ditches and outworks and an esplanade, is built upon a rocky cape projecting into the sea, and contains the barracks, arsenal, military hospital, the residence of the former Lord High Commissioner, many private houses, and a lighthouse erected upon a point 233 feet above the level of the sea.

CARDINAL CULLEN AND MACAULAY.

WHEN Cardinal Cullen quotes Macaulay on the subject of the Papacy he is not aware that he is playing with edge-tools. If he knew anything more of Macaulay's writings than the notorious passage about the New Zealander, he would remember that the "prophet" who thus foretold the vitality of the Roman creed also stated it as his opinion that were it not for their hatred of England the Irish people would long ago have turned Protestants; as, in fact, they do in large numbers, when fairly settled in America for a generation or two. The Cardinal is further not aware that the same opinion is held by not a few Roman Catholics themselves, both in England and abroad, who have the penetration to discern between profession and practice, and the courage to avow their conclusions. As to any argument to be derived from the "prophecy" of Macaulay it is simply nonsensical. If the endurance of a creed for many centuries proves anything as to its truth, then Buddhism is the only true religion, and Christianity has no claims whatever in comparison with Judaism.

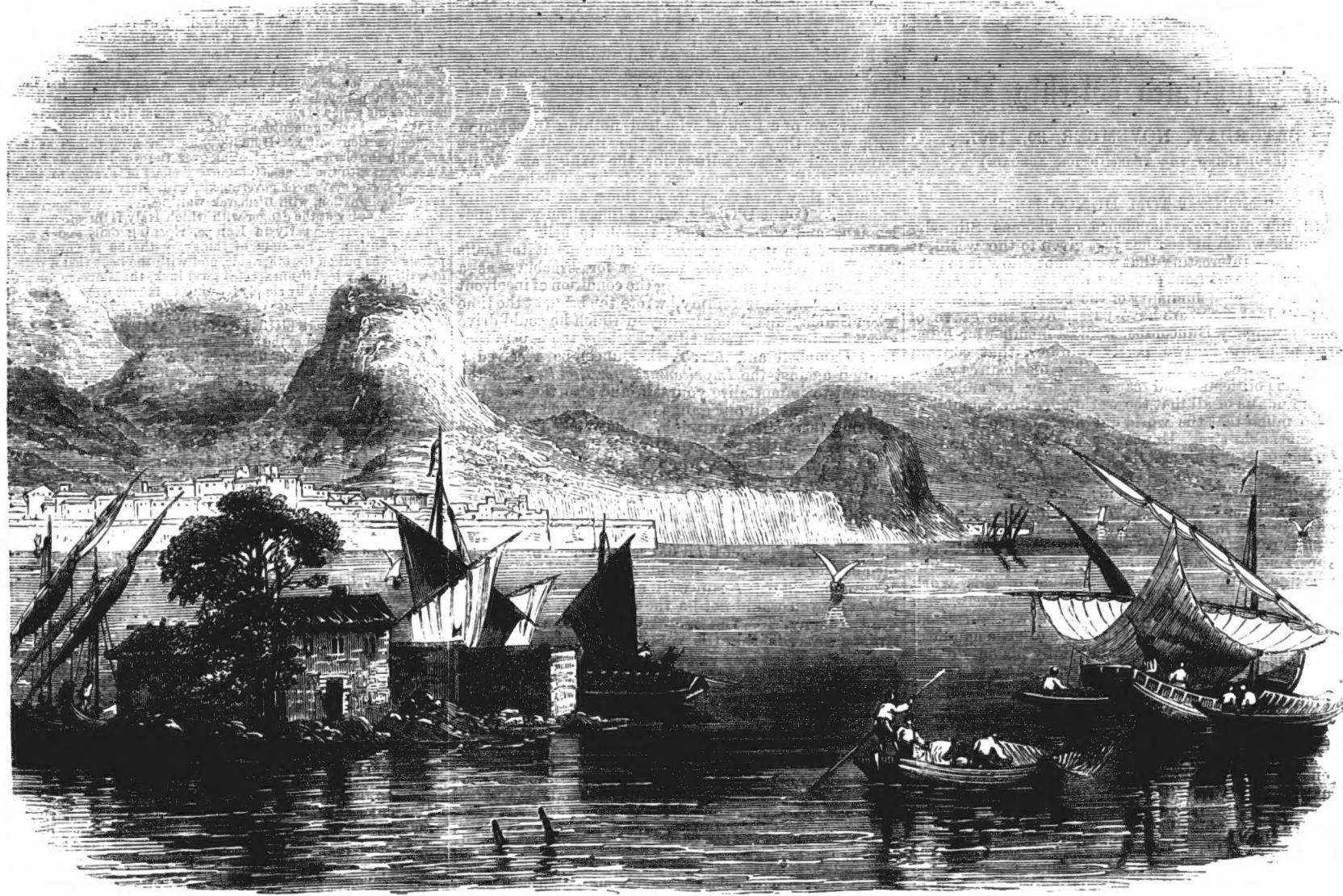
PATRIOTISM AND PROFIT.

As it is always pleasant to combine patriotism with profit, and, on the other hand, to find that the charity which begins at home extends its effects to one's neighbour, it is with a twofold interest that we learn that justice to Ireland is now really taking the form of a practical improvement in the manufacture and carriage of butter. Lord Bandon and his supporters have now made a real step towards the development of Ireland's large resources in this much-neglected branch of the farming trade; up till this time nothing having been accomplished except the preliminary speech-making. At this present time, too, it is with a peculiarly keen interest that the Londoner, mourning over the quality and the price of the composition which is sold to him as butter in the dismal month of November, learns that good butter is sold in Bandon at 8d. or 10d. the pound, and remembers at what a small cost,

and with how little delay it can be brought from any part of Ireland to any part of England. One thing only prevents his sanguine anticipations from assuming the form of a definite hope. It is pleasant to him to learn that the Irish farmers are resolved to make their butter perfectly clean and free from all suspicion of latent cheesiness lurking in the shape of dregs of buttermilk; and he finds it interesting to be told that an improved form of firkin has been invented, and is highly praised. But still he fears that what with middle-men in Ireland and middle-men in London the butter for which the Irish farmer gets his 8d. per lb., say, will not reach the metropolitan breakfast table at less than 1s. 8d. or 2s. We venture, therefore, to suggest to Lord Bandon, Mr. Shea, Mr. Sullivan, and the other leaders in the butter reform movement that until they have secured some satisfactory machinery for the transit and sale of butter to the retail consumer in London, their useful work may be neutralised in some quarter or other.

THE Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Marchioness of Abercorn have arrived in Dublin, and are now at the Viceregal Lodge.

THE Diastatized Organic Iron and the Diastatized Organic Iodine are now fully appreciated by the English public as a pleasant and efficient mode of taking iron and iodine. Unhoped-for cures have been effected in a number of cases in which the other preparations of iron or iodine have been found incapable of being supported by the patients. Thanks and testimonials are received every day from all parts. In fact, these medicines, under their pleasant form, are found the most efficient.—Sold by all chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle. Take note of Dr. Victor Baud's signature on the Government stamp, without which none are genuine.—[ADVT.]



VIEW OF CORFU.

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Grand Duchess of Gerolstein. Eight.
 HER MAJESTY'S.—Italian Opera—Eight.
 DRURY LANE.—The Duke of Venice—The Ladies' Club. Seven.
 HAYMARKET.—The Winning Card—Our American Cousin—The Spectre Bridegroom Seven.
 ADELPHI.—Man is not Perfect, nor Woman Either—Maud's Peril—The School for Tigers. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—Perfection—(At Eight). Romeo and Juliet Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—A Little Flirtation—(At Quarter to Eight). Arrah-na-Pogue—Number One Round the Corner. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—The Way to Get Married—If I had a Thousand a Year—My Wife's Bonnet. Seven.
 ST. JAMES'S.—Fifteen Years of Labour Lost—The School of Reform—A Widow Hunt. Seven.
 STRAND.—Nothing to Nurse—Kind to a Fault—William Tell with a Vengeance. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Still Waters Run Deep—The First Night. Seven.
 HOLBORN.—For Love—(At Nine). Mary Turner. Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Caste—Allow me to Explain. Half-past Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Milky White—(At Half-past Nine). The Latest Edition of Black-Eyed Susan—The Rendezvous. Half-past Seven.
 ASTLEY'S.—That Rascal Jack—Mazeppa. Seven.
 NEW EAST LONDON.—The Gambler—Rebecca.
 BRITANNIA.—The King's Death Trap—Rip Van Winkle—Mary Blane.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—The American Circus every Evening—Grand Morning Performances every Wednesday and Saturday.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum; Fifie House; Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology; Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—PAYMENT REQUIRED.

Crystal Palace, Sydenham; Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; Royal Academy; British Institution; Society of British Artists; Water Colour Societies; Polytechnic Institution, Regent-street; Thames Tunnel; Tussaud's Waxwork, Baker-street Bazaar; Zoological Gardens.

3.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

"HONEST TOM DUNCOMBE."

THE life and correspondence of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe which his son has just given to the world, is so peculiarly interesting that we cannot allow it to pass from our table without drawing our readers' attention to it. In an able summary of the book, the *Athenaeum* says:—"Just six years have passed over the grave of Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, Radical member for Finsbury; and now in two portly volumes, that contain much racy anecdote and some startling disclosures which will ruffle politicians and cause laughter in clubs, his son reminds us of all that the world once knew, and tells us also much that the world did not know, concerning his remarkable sire. Duncombe was at the same time a darling of May Fair and the pet of the Finsbury mob—a leader of fashion, a man of many pleasures, and a hard-working member of Parliament, who delighted to be called a Tribune of the People. Few men of his time were of greater mark amongst the notabilities of London than this patrician Radical, who was Count d'Orsay's 'dear Tommy' and Finsbury's 'honest Tom Duncombe'; and though the first volume of this work deals far too diffusely, and sometimes inaccurately, with matters familiar to every reader of Gronow, Raikes, and other gossiping chroniclers of the ways of 'the dandies,' his singular career is ably handled by his only child. Born in 1796, of an old Tory family, nephew of a peer, kinsman of numerous members of the 'high aristocracy,' and only son of a squire with a good estate, Thomas Slingsby Duncombe was educated at Harrow in days when the strength of the school fell short of two hundred boys. When he was fifteen years of age he was gazetted an ensign to the Coldstream Guards, from which regiment he retired in November, 1819, when his brief military career came to an end. His biography presents us with a diary which he kept during a brief spell of foreign service in 1813-14; but the journal contains nothing more noteworthy than such characteristic entries as 'I was on the rear-guard from London to Greenwich, and never were men more drunk than the major part of the Coldstreams'; and 'Returned to Rosendaal, and Jack Talbot came back with me to stay a day. We dined by ourselves; got rather beery, as

usual.' With his return to London on the termination of hostilities commenced his long and ruinous career in the world of fashion. Coming upon the town between Brummell's decline and D'Orsay's rise, Tom Duncombe of the Guards found congenial society amongst such men as King Allen, the Golden Ball, Pea-green Haynes, Kangaroo Cooke, Red Herrings, Poodle Byng, Hat Vaughan, Fish Crawford, and Elephant Buxton; and none of the whole lot seemed more bent on ruining health and fortune in Fashion's service than the handsome youngster of the Coldstreams, who drank, danced, gambled, hunted with the deepest drinkers, best waltzers, most rascies, jivers, and hardest riders of the day. At Almack's he was the 'dear Mr. Duncombe' of duchesses in society; he was a member of White's and Brookes's, and an *habitué* of Crockford's; he was a patron of the turf, and constant frequenter of green-rooms. Nugee supplied him with clothes that were pronounced faultless by the dandies with whom he consort; his horses and carriages were amongst the costliest and best that could be found in the quarters of fashion. 'Tom must be a clever fellow!' observed Mr. Duncombe, of Copgrove, when his heir had played this game for several seasons; 'I allow him eight hundred a year, and he manages to live with the appearance of having eight thousand.' Clever, no doubt; but his cleverness was displayed in ways that shattered a fine constitution before he had attained middle life, and plunged him in embarrassments from which he never liberated himself. But to the last, even when he could no longer take his place at dinner-parties, and was compelled to abstain from liberal indulgence in wine, he retained something of the old cheeriness and pleasant joviality which in his best days gave life and joy to every home he entered. 'My dear Tommy,' wrote the Duke of Beaufort, from Badminton, to the tribune of the people, in the autumn of 1843; 'you recollect that you owe us a visit. You promised to come to us last year, but went into Yorkshire instead. Make up for it by coming now. We shall be charmed to see you; and you shall hunt, or shoot, or stay at home, or do anything you like best. Pray come and make us gay. I wish I had known you were coming to Bristol: I should have tried to see you, and have laid violent hands upon you.' Everywhere he was followed by the same entreaty, 'Dear Tommy, pray come and make us gay.' But the time came when the entreaty was ever preferred in vain. 'His health finally gave way, and for the last ten or twelve years of his life he rarely accepted an invitation to parties of any kind.' Strong, and not without touches of comedy, were the contrasts of his social popularity and political position. The friend of Kossuth and Garibaldi, the protector of Mazzini, and counsellor of the Chartists, he maintained close intimacy with Tory peers, and was the delight of high-born women who shuddered at the bare mention of revolution. From the day when, 'having bribed handsomely,' he secured his first seat in Parliament for Hertford, to the close of his career, when the Finsbury electors, in consideration of his long service and short purse, used to 'bring him in for as low a figure' as the usages of their borough permitted, society made a jest of his radicalism, laughing at it as a droll madness, or regarding it as a humorous game by which he fooled the mob into securing him from the persecution of his creditors. The Tories found it easy to condone the extreme views of a Radical who had nothing in common with what they nick-named the Peace-at-any-price Party, and whose feelings for the Whigs are pithily recorded in the commonplace book, in which he wrote: 'Whigs: they have the voice of lions, and the timidity of hares.' Count D'Orsay, whose liberalism was Napoleonic, and who had good reason to believe in the fervour of the popular tribune's attachment to Louis Napoleon, relied on the member for Finsbury as a legislator bent on ameliorating the condition of insolvent debtors. 'My dear Tommy,' wrote the beau, at the time when Sunday was the only day in which he could drive about the town with security, 'I see by the papers that Lord Campbell and Mr. T. S. Duncombe received a petition against the *Imprisonment for Debt*! It is the moment to immortalise yourself, and also the sweetest revenge against all our gangs of Jews, if you succeed in carrying this petition through. I have taken the proper means to keep this proposal alive in the press.' Three years later, July 1845, when urgent need had driven D'Orsay to think of turning his attention to business, and more especially to the business of supplying Spain and Portugal with the railroads that should unbolt the door of Gore House and put his special set in easy circumstances for the rest of their days, the beau—urging the member for Finsbury to help his railway project—wrote, 'Courage, mon ami! run well and straight in distress, otherwise you would not be the real, good, straightforward Tommy.' The moral to be drawn from this strange career is, that the votaries of pleasure have to pay dearly in the long run for the transitory enjoyment to gain which they sacrifice youth and health. These ambitious longings are seldom realised, and lead men on like will-o'-the-wisps until they suffer them to fall into and be swallowed up by the abyss.

THE NEW LINE TO BRIGHTON.—It is curious to observe that an application is to be made next session for powers to abandon the London, Lewes, and Brighton line, which was conceded in 1866, after a fierce contest between the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company, on the one hand, and the South Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Companies on the other. The London, Lewes, and Brighton was the third rival line projected to Brighton in opposition to the London, Brighton, and South Coast; and altogether we should think the three projections must have involved their supporters and their opponents in an outlay of £120,000 in parliamentary warfare alone. The upshot of a five years' struggle appears to be that the London, Brighton and South Coast Company will be left in possession of the district.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE FENIAN CONVICTS.

THE Home Secretary has acted upon a wise and humane principle in advising Her Majesty to reprieve the Fenian convict Shore. Had all the conspirators gone unarmed, like him, murder would probably not have ensued at all, and the principal object of capital punishment being to protect the sacredness of human life, it is of the first importance that mitigating circumstances like these should have their due effect. The best answer has thus been given to the unworthy suggestion that it would be impossible to commute the sentence of death upon any of the prisoners after the disgraceful proceedings at the Home Office. It would, indeed, be time for the Royal prerogative of mercy to be vested in other hands if a vulgar demonstration of disrespect towards the Home Secretary could influence in either direction the exercise of his highest function. It would be still more injurious to that prerogative if a direct appeal to Her Majesty against the advice of her responsible Minister could avail to save a life justly forfeited to the law. It is true that great authorities speak of the pardoning power as the most personal of all the Royal prerogatives; but this doctrine, though it places the King above judicial authority, does not place him above constitutional limitations. He cannot assume a personal capacity independent of his Ministers, and set their counsels aside, without assuming that personal responsibility from which he is protected by one of the most ancient maxims of our law. The Queen knows the principles of English Government too well to fall into such an error; and the more so because she was relieved by an Act passed in the first year of her reign from the painful duty which gave a colour to the popular notion of her being the absolute fountain of mercy. It now devolves upon the public to support by their deliberate sanction or to neutralize by their deliberate condemnation the refusal of the jury, the judges, and the Home Secretary to regard murder as a less heinous offence when perpetrated from political motives. The more this view of the question is considered, the more untenable will it appear, and the greater reason shall we feel to respect those who, under severe pressure, upheld the simple principles upon which the community at large depends for its security.—*Times*.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

The Emperor's speech wanted one element altogether—that of force. It was gentle and conciliatory, but it was tame. It left the impression that its author was not dominating events, but only seeing how events would go. It was a Speech the main object of which was to gain time. It really left everything as uncertain as it was before. Can anyone who reads it be sure that the Emperor does not mean to go to war with Prussia when his army is larger and better armed; that he dares to accept any real and practicable solution of the Roman question; that he honestly thinks his system can last if France is made more free? No part of this pacific Speech appears to have been so heartily cheered as that in which he assured his Chambers that he was getting ready to fight with a greater certainty of success. The Roman question is as much in darkness as it ever was. The Emperor had nothing to say except that something must be done about Rome and Italy, and that he had asked a great number of people what they thought ought to be done. The proposal for a Conference furnished matter for the Speech, and the Speech seemed to give some sort of additional importance to the proposal for a Conference. But this going round and round in a circle betrays the mind of a man who feels himself smaller, not greater, than the circumstances in which he is placed. This mode of gaining time must soon come to an end.—*Saturday Review*.

ENGLAND AND THE PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

So far as words went nothing that the Emperor could have desired to be said in England could have surpassed what Lord Derby said when he declared that the English Government would have been delighted to accept the proposal for a Conference were it only to show its sense of the cordiality and good-will with which the Emperor has always treated England. But it was impossible to go into a Conference blindly. It must be shown that the Conference is accepted by the Powers principally concerned, and that it has a definite basis for its discussions. The latter condition is perfectly reasonable. Unless the Emperor can make up his mind to have a policy, it is impossible that other people can decide whether his policy is good or bad. He must let it be understood what kind of arrangement he would be willing to substitute for the September Convention. If he likes, he can keep things as they are, with the clerical party gloating over the wonders done by the Chassepot, with the Pope defying every effort of France to introduce a better system of government, with Italy in a fury of suppressed indignation, with Bismarck waiting for his chance, with England uneasy at the danger with which Italy is threatened, and with the democratic party in Europe, ripening daily and hourly into revolution. This state of things, with the favour of the priests to be put on the other side, and with the hope that a policy of waiting may lead to unexpected good luck, the Emperor can preserve for the present, by simply trusting to inaction, and by letting the project of a Conference die away.—*Saturday Review*.

RE-CONSTRUCTION IN AMERICA.

The great question of the re-constitution of the Southern States of America seems destined to remain for some time yet unsolved. Plan after plan has been suggested and withdrawn, and it appears to be beyond the sagacity of the wisest in America to conjecture what will come next. The adoption of a more revolutionary programme by the Republican party during the remainder of their tenure of a majority is the expectation of one, while a speedy return of the Democrats to power is the dream of another. The Democratic party, however, obviously owe their recent victories to the mere sentiment of reaction against Republican excesses, and they have themselves no definite policy capable of sustaining pretensions to power. The more probable course appears to be that the moderate Republicans will free themselves from the disastrous leadership under which they have suffered, and, in alliance with the best men now in office and under the presidency of some candidate of practical wisdom, such as General Grant, will offer terms of re-constitution which may admit all the members of the nation to participation in its political life without risking the results of the great war.—*Times*.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

We contend that in declaring war and fitting out an expedition on a preposterously extravagant and exaggerated scale, the Ministry have been actuated by a false sense of honour, and that an anxiety to assert our power in the face of a few savage races has had an undue influence in dictating the arrangements which Parliament is called upon to sanction. When a band of brigands captures a traveller and demands a ransom as the price of his life or of his ears, his friends are not above treating for his release upon those terms. In the case of the Abyssinian brigand we might have tried what a bribe offered through judicious and private agency, might have effected. The Government has preferred to make a military demonstration at a cost of many millions, and at a terrible risk to the unfortunate men on whose behalf the war is ostensibly undertaken. We emphatically challenge the policy and the wisdom of such a war, and believe that in doing so we express the views of the majority of thinking men in this country. But if we are too far committed now in the face of the world to draw back without striking a blow, we may still hope to see such terms insisted on by Parliament as may in some measure diminish our future regret. The ways and means of war will not be specifically indicated until next session, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have fully before him the financial requirements of the year. Meanwhile it

will be the duty of Government to give adequate assurances that the cost of the Abyssinian war shall be provided for out of present taxes on property, not out of charges in the shape of loans on the industry of the future.—*Examiner.*

CHARITABLE GAMBLING.

THE members of the British nation have a habit of self-congratulation on a considerable number of points, which is apt occasionally to develop itself into a Pharisaical contempt for others. Among the various things on which we are apt to pride ourselves as being "not as others," one of the most conspicuous is our charity, or, to speak more accurately, the number of our charities. "Was there ever so charitable, so munificent a people, as we are? We feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and care for the poor and sick, in a manner unequalled all over the world! Everybody who wants any help or comfort may have it for the asking!"

It is thus that some of us are too apt to speak, and it is matter of this nature that we are not unwilling to hear, and for things of this sort we like to take credit.

It is very true that in the British Isles a vast amount of money is yearly expended on what are called charitable purposes, and that a large number of Christian men and women do live with no dearer object to them than doing and dispensing good. But it is still more true, that all the fine things which are said have not a full justification in the realities of existence; and that there are many poor, hungry, and sick, to whom the smallest drop of the great river of charity and almsgiving very rarely comes.

It is also singular that, whereas everyone likes to share in the credit of that generosity towards the needy which is considered to be a characteristic of our nation, there are yet a large number of people who, unless stirred up by some other motive, appear content with the reputation, and do not care that, in their cases at least, it should be founded on more semblance of reality. Many people need to be roused to action by one means or another before they will loosen their purse-strings, or take any part in the actual distribution of the sums which can be gathered together. The habit of constant giving, and that discriminatingly, does not exist with them; and, in addition to the motive power which the desire to relieve poverty is supposed to furnish, they must have something else, secondary in importance, and which they would probably acknowledge as such, but still, for the time being, of the greatest force to produce some immediate effect.

People, in a word, must be enticed to be charitable. The objects of charitable actions are not always at hand to express their thanks; and, indeed, some of them are apt not to be thankful at all. The money given is gone, and there appears no immediate return for it in any shape, and the faith which "casts bread upon the waters" to "find it after many days" has a vigour and strength not possessed by the faith which is in fashion among the majority nowadays. We like to see something for our money, we who come of a mercantile race; and, not seeing this something, either in immediate effects, or in expressed thanks, we are occasionally apt to be slow in giving.

Persons engaged in actual works of charity, of whatever sort, have perceived this want of immediate motive, this desire for visible result; and, adapting themselves to circumstances—dealing, in fact, with things as they found them—have contrived, and in many cases with much success, plans for securing money, which produce an immediate benefit to the giver, and an ultimate profit to the charity which is concerned in the result. Of such a nature are the bazaars that are so popular. People who frequent these, certainly do not receive the worth of the money which they expend. But, at least, they have something to show for their expenditure, and they have the gratification of thinking, that what they have given more than the value of the article has gone for a benevolent object. Besides, they have met their friends, and enjoyed the pleasures of society, and have by no means suffered from any of that repression of their feelings, which might result from practising charity in such a manner that their left hand should not know the deeds done by their right.

So, also, balls and dinners for charitable objects induce people to give, who would hardly, without the immediate motives of dancing or feasting, have been stirred up to any great display of benevolence. Such simple and obvious methods of arousing charity by means of holding out a sop of selfish enjoyment, have not, however, in every case been found sufficient to effect their desired object; and so appeals have been made more strongly to the love of gain, and the powerful influence and excitement of chance have been invoked in the institution of charitable lotteries of various kinds. All such lotteries, whether of the mild nature of a raffle of a watch for the benefit of some distressed widow or broken-down costermonger, or of the more complicated and refined character of a "drawing of prizes on the Art Union principle" for the benefit of a church or an orphanage, are alike in kind. The claims of the charity are put forward with more or less power and persistent insistence; but, after all, the motive which is depended on to be effectual is, that there is possibility of gain to the subscriber. "You will have a chance of a prize," is said very clearly; "and more, if you will exert yourself and dispose of so many tickets, there will be made for you another probability of success—you shall have an extra *free* ticket."

As a matter of fact, people who care for the excitement of a lottery, buy the tickets on the chance of getting a prize, and not by any means caring for the charity which is to receive the benefit of this illegal mode of collecting money.

The object of the lottery, as far as its originators are concerned, is the gaining of money; and to the attainment of this end they persistently set themselves. Bundles of tickets are sent out, advertisements are drawn up, and appear constantly in the newspapers. Of course there is much expense incurred in these things, and the money to be collected must pay for prizes, and must cover expenses, and must afford a necessary margin of profit for the charity. It is also true that a vast number of the tickets are sent out without producing the slightest return. But, notwithstanding all this, the calculations made allow a possibility of money-making of a very liberal nature indeed.

We have before us at the present moment a bundle of tickets belonging to a lottery, which is got up for the benefit of what, we doubt not, is a very useful orphanage. A list of prizes is given, the aggregate value of which does not amount to three hundred pounds. The tickets are to be sold at sixpence each, and a free ticket is given for each twenty. To meet the outlay for the prizes, twelve thousand tickets would have to be sold, and we can imagine that a great many additional tickets would go to pay expenses, and to secure some money for the orphanage. We should hardly be prepared, however, for the high numbers to which the tickets ran. Before us we have a ticket numbered 690,908, for those to be paid for; and one *free* ticket, numbered 1,034,540.

If all the tickets, even up to the lower of these numbers, were sold, £17,270 would be received; while the sale of all, involved by the higher number, would cause the receipt of £25,863! Surely we have here provision of a very liberal kind indeed for losses by tickets and expenses incurred.

It would be curious to see a true statement of the expenditure caused by one of these lotteries, and the money received from it by way of actual profit.

To buy such tickets as those to which we have referred, is truly to engage in an illegal undertaking. Such purchases are very seldom the result of purely charitable feeling, however much buyers may endeavour to persuade themselves that they have been actuated by simple motives. In giving money to promote charitable objects, the action is better in itself, and of more benefit to the recipient, when the donor gives out of mere benevolence, and not from any secondary motive of possible personal gain.—*Queen.*

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—The lively, bustling farce of "The Ladies' Club," by Mr. Mark Lemon, has been revived here, and serves as an after-piece to "The Doge of Venice." The two wives are represented by Miss Beatrice Shirley and Miss Kate Harfleur, and the impudent servant by Mr. J. House. Mr. Barrett made a very efficient Twankey, and Mr. C. Harcourt shone as Sir Charles Lavender. The rest of the cast was equally good; the action of the drama went merrily, while the humour of the dialogue and situations sustained the performers. The business continues good.

LYCEUM.—This theatre has re-opened, under the temporary direction of Mr. Ryder, who has introduced to this country Miss Felicita Vestvali, a continental actress of reputation, in the character of Romeo. The lady is a German, with the facility of her race for the acquisition of languages, which has enabled her to act in French, Italian, and English, as well as in her native tongue, each on the stage on which it is spoken. In person this accomplished actress is tall and masculine, though the head is rather small, and the face presents but a limited tablet for the expression of feeling; but the eyes are fine and eloquent enough, and her manner is extremely vivacious, so that from the beginning her representation of Romeo was sufficiently lively, with an abundance of action.

OLYMPIC.—An old comedy by Thomas Morton, author of "Speed the Plough," has been revived at this theatre. Avoiding for the present the production of either a new or an original drama, the management appears desirous of providing for Mr. Charles Mathews a series of revivals. It has prospered well with Foote's comedy of "The Liar," and now tries another work of similar stamp, though by another author. The piece selected is the once-famous comedy of "The Way to Get Married," originally produced about seventy years ago, with Lewis for Tangent, and Munden for Caustic. And we have no doubt that Mr. Mathews's admirers will have great pleasure in witnessing his performance, which is careful and well studied.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—After performing the eccentric, not to say extravagant part of Major Wellington de Boots, in Mr. Stirling Coyne's comedy of the "Widow Hunt," Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, has assumed for his second essay on the London stage the character of Tyke, in Morton's comedy of "The School of Reform." Mr. J. S. Clarke's Tyke is extremely well acted, and betokens the utmost pains and care expended on its accomplishment. The spectator will undoubtedly be much more amused with Major de Boots, but Tyke evinces a greater amount of art and the possession of higher qualities. That he has succeeded so well, proves Mr. Clarke to be a performer of superior talents.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—After the tremendous run that the "Colleen Bawn" had about five years ago it is almost impossible to say anything new about it, nevertheless it is not so well worn as to cease to be attractive, for on its revival last week at the Princess's every part of the house was crowded, and unquestionably those who were present had every reason to be well satisfied.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS.—This favourite place of amusement has served to introduce to the favourable notice of the public, the Great American Circus, the members of which call themselves "The American Champions." The unusually crowded state of the house on Monday night conclusively proved that the taste for horsemanship and equestrian displays has by no means died out amongst us, and, what is infinitely more gratifying, that horses can be produced upon the stage without the adventitious aid and unblushing effrontery of a Menken. *Place aux dames* is a French exclamation, but we think where so much depends upon equine talent, that the trick horse Hiram, deserves our primary mention. This wonderfully graceful and extraordinarily intelligent animal exhibits a dexterity and skill which are admirable. Seldom have we witnessed anything so interesting. The gentle creature obeys every command of his master, even to walking backwards up a ladder and firing off a pistol with his mouth. Messrs. Conrad and Herman were applauded to the echo, though the latter had somewhat to complain of the way in which his wants were ministered to by the attendants, it being obviously impossible for any one to leap through a hoop if the proper elevation is not studied by the man who holds it. Mdlle. Virginie exhibited a self-possession and agility seldom found in a lady. Her daring performance was very graceful, and deserved the applause it received from the densely packed and appreciative audience. The comic talent was well managed by two clowns, Messrs. Keith and Abbott, the drollery of the latter being especially amusing when he made the director what he called "A Performing Boliphant." When an entertainment of some length is so generally excellent, space prevents us from particularising every feature. Suffice it to say that unqualified praise is due to the entire company in their clever leaps, to Mdlle. Chiarini and her school horse, to Robinson in his bare back trick, to the Hanlon Brothers, the comic mules, and the two additional clowns, who well sustained the old reputation of Mr. Merriman. The laughter of children and their innocent glee recalled the old days when Astley's was the "home of the horse and his rider," and we could not but think that the public had cause for congratulation in the fact that horsemanship has once more found a local habitation and name amongst us, more particularly when its reputation is upheld by such worthy representatives as "The American Champions."

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—We understand that Mr. German Reed has taken the St. George's Hall, Langham-place, in order to carry out his design of establishing in the metropolis a comic opera, derived both from native and foreign sources. We are glad the task has fallen into such able hands, for his experience of the public taste and requirements through many years, both as composer and performer, will enable him to select materials best calculated to ensure success. A thorough efficiency in all the branches of such an undertaking we are now, for the first time, likely to attain; and we only hope it will furnish a strong proof that the cause of failure heretofore was to be found, not in a distaste or apathy for English composition, but in a lack of means or ability in bringing together good musicians, able authors, and clever artistes. Our advance in musical knowledge, in fact, has been so rapid and universal, that audiences have become highly appreciative of merit, while defects are no longer tolerated. The St. George's Hall is undergoing the necessary alterations, in the construction of private boxes, and the enlargement of the stage for the production of opera and extravaganza. An undertaking like this interests all classes; and it has been intimated to us that the prices of admission will be within the range of the poorest amateur. As an earnest of good intention, a new operatic extravaganza will be immediately announced, from the humorous pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand, whose works are "legion," and Mr. A. S. Sullivan, a young and rising composer, whose sparkling and melodious conceptions have already placed him in a high position. Our favourite place of resort, the Gallery of Illustration, will, of course, be unaffected by Mr. German Reed's connection with the St. George's Opera House. The present entertainment there, which is still running a prosperous career, will, we hear, be replaced by novelty before the present year runs out.

WESTON'S MUSIC HALL.—It is no wonder that managers tremble in their shoes when they find such admirable rivals as Weston's, which, under the excellent management of Messrs. Holland and Sweasy, makes an irresistible bid for public favour without trenching on the legitimate ground occupied by the time-honoured drama. The band at Weston's, led by Mr. P. Corri, in his accustomed bland and genial manner, affords a rare treat to

the lovers of instrumental music. Mr. Linstead in his song "Old Clo'ish My Cry" is capital, and his impersonations of celebrated men—especially Lord Clyde, King Theodore, and Mr. Disraeli—creates a living portrait gallery, which the audience know how to appreciate. Paul Bedford is received very kindly, but the applause was due rather to his reputation and ancient popularity than to his rendering of "Jolly Nose," and "Willie Brew'd," a Peck o' Maut." Mr. Bedford, we are sorry to see, is growing feeble, and we cannot help observing that there must be something wrong somewhere, or his friends would not allow so excellent and favourite a public servant to labour for a laugh, even at so well conducted and praiseworthy an establishment as Weston's, to which place of amusement we can recommend those in search of entertainment to go at the earliest convenience.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAXWORK EXHIBITION, Baker-street.—Some time ago we gave rather a sweeping contemplation of Madame Tussaud's old-established exhibition, but there are certain features connected with it which incline us to considerably modify the opinion we then expressed. As a show, Madame Tussaud's is without a rival. It is unique, and, unlike most original creations, stands alone, having had no imitators. Many people may take exception to the way in which an accumulation of horrors is brought vividly before the eye, but we are not prepared to deny that a great deal of instruction is conveyed in this dumb display. We are told in historical books that Marat was killed in a bath by Charlotte Corday; at Baker-street behold the personification—the actual realisation of the historical incident. The gory tragedy is faithfully depicted, and to the physiognomist it must be a matter of moment to be able to compare the bad and the good—martyr and malefactor. There is the statesman, his countenance replete with sagacity; there the assassin, breathing as it were fire and sword; Palmerston, Bavaillac, Napoleon, Orsini; there are Kings and Queens in large numbers, which ought to be gratifying to the loyal mind and conducive to the support of monarchical institutions. The Russian giant suggests Patagonia, and the student is grateful. During the evening an excellent band performs, and one almost expects the things of wax to move about in the mazy figures of the giddy dance. Who could have any objection to so elegantly dressed and pretty partner as the Empress of Austria? The expectation is heightened by the vigorous gentleman who winks and takes snuff so particularly, and the lady who breathes so artistically, as her breast heaves and falls with natural undulations at each respiration. We were mistaken in our supposition that no "new faces" greet the careful visitor. The tree, though in the winter of life, is not yet sapless. The mission of the woodman is not at present to be fulfilled. Now that the Metropolitan Railway has brought city and suburb so close together, there can be little difficulty in reaching Baker-street, and there are several waxen celebrities lately introduced that even a person well acquainted with Madame Tussaud's would do well to see.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

HAIR-DRESSING IN 1867.—Lady: "My hair is not so thick as when you last cut it last, I fancy!"—Hair-dresser: "Well, ma'am, I must say it is not so voluminous as it was; but, really, one can improvise it so well now, that original material is not of much consequence!"

QUESTION PUT.—The sharks on our coast. What does this article mean? Is it an exposure of the swindlers at our watering-places.

AN ARTICLE OF LUCK'S.—Matrimony.

TELEGRAPHY AND TORTOISE.—The Atlantic Cable does tell such lies!—to this country; let us hope not from it. Query—What are the comparative numbers of falsehoods on an average daily issuing from this end of the Cable and that? All the electric wires, however, from abroad, bring so many false messages, that "telegram" will soon be synonymous with "crammer." Whenever anybody says the thing which is not, his hearers will observe, "That's a telegram!" and when you tell a girl anything that she doesn't believe, she will exclaim, "Oh, you telegram!" instead of "Oh, you story!"

FUN.

FROM THE HEART-IO REGIONS.—The Hull whalers have had a bad time of it last season, many of them returning to port comparatively "clean." Strange sights abound in those little-frequented latitudes, yet everything that came under the notice of the crews was so very unlike a whale that it almost had the effect of making the men themselves "blubber."

NOT SO BLACK AS THEY SEEM.—Many lessons may be learnt by "civilized" nations from the savage. We speak within the bills of mortality when we assert that pocket-picking is an offence absolutely unknown among the aborigines of Australia. This speaks volumes not only for their honesty but for their simplicity of costume.

REASON OR INSTINCT?—A friend of ours possesses a retriever so highly trained that he will, at the word of command, fetch a copy of Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" from the nearest bookseller's, but—sensible animal—he never attempts to swallow the contents. That dog deserves a testimonial—a bone-fide one.

CUTTING FOR THE CUTTER.—Hairdresser (anxious to puff his antic-bare-grease):—"Excuse me, sir, but you are a little—" Old Gentleman:—"Bald, eh? Yes, I was born so!"

THE ARGUMENTUM AD ABSURDUM.—We never believe a man when he professes to be restrained from marrying by the extravagant style of female dress. Such arguments, as a lady observed to us, are simply *fa-lal-acious*.

JUDY.

"THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF."—Emily (who is obliged to "stoop to conquer"): "What a nice lively little thing your sister with the long hair is!"—Very Small Boy: "Yes; she's an amusing Child!"

DRAMATIC DEFINITIONS.—Legitimate Drama, The Heir-at-Law; Il-legitimate Drama, Nobody's Child.

A LASTING DOCUMENT.—An iron will.

A LONG SHOT.—The daily papers state that the pistol shot that perforated the hat of the pensioner at Dublin was fired at "Birmingham!" "Judy" doesn't feel a great deal of delicacy in remarking that she could not believe such a story of any pistol unless it was proved.

WANTED.—One of the London Theatres is delighting us just now with the "Way to Get Married." What people would be more thankful for, we judge, is the way how to live when they are married. The first is a plan easily understood, and as old as Adam.

A SEASONABLE INQUIRY—Why should winter be called the dead time of the year? Is not autumn rather the berry-ing season?

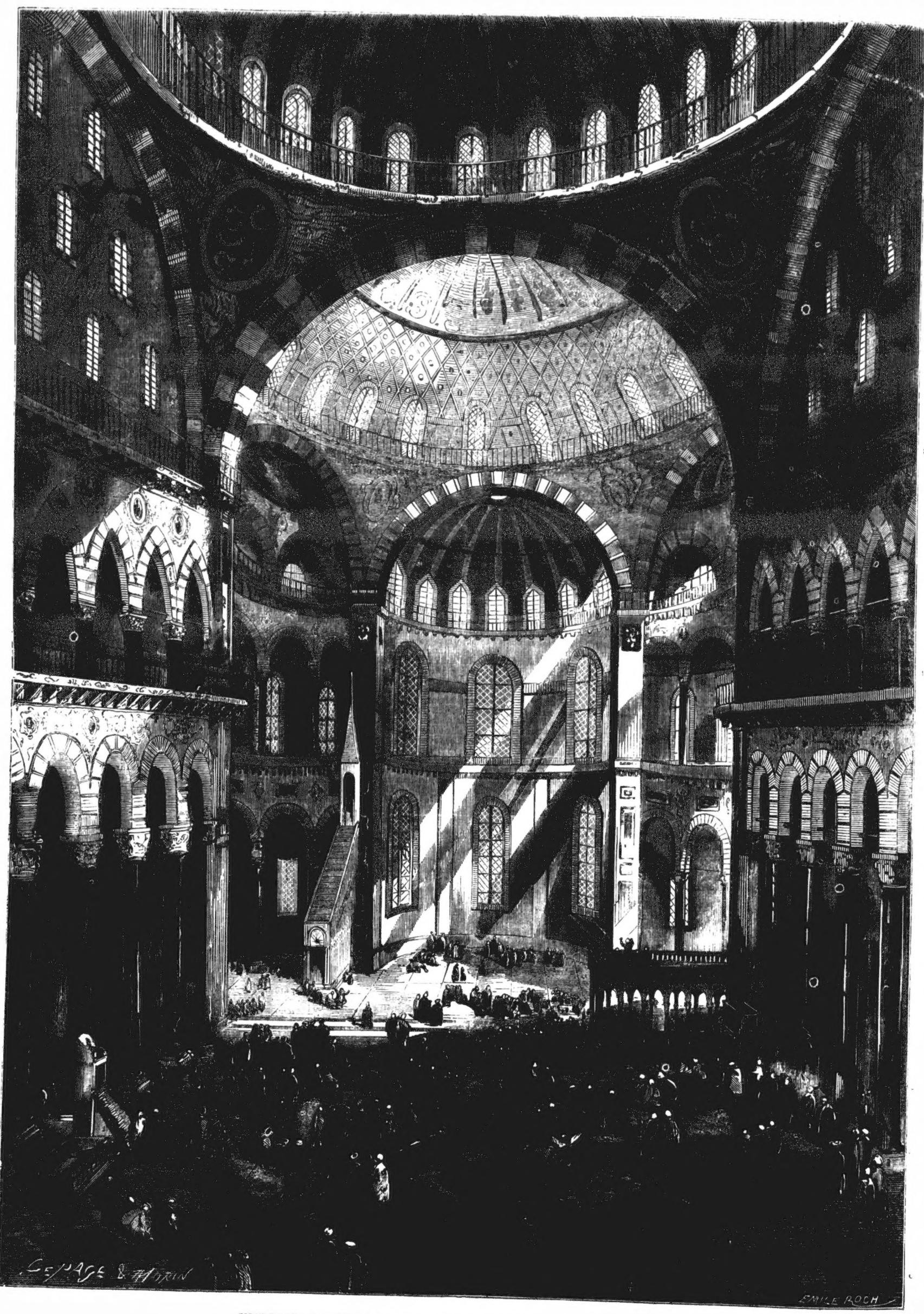
FOOD FOR REFLECTION—Butchers' meat!

TOMAHAWK.

A LICENCE THAT SHOULD BE REFUSED.—The Poetical Licence of some of our modern poets.

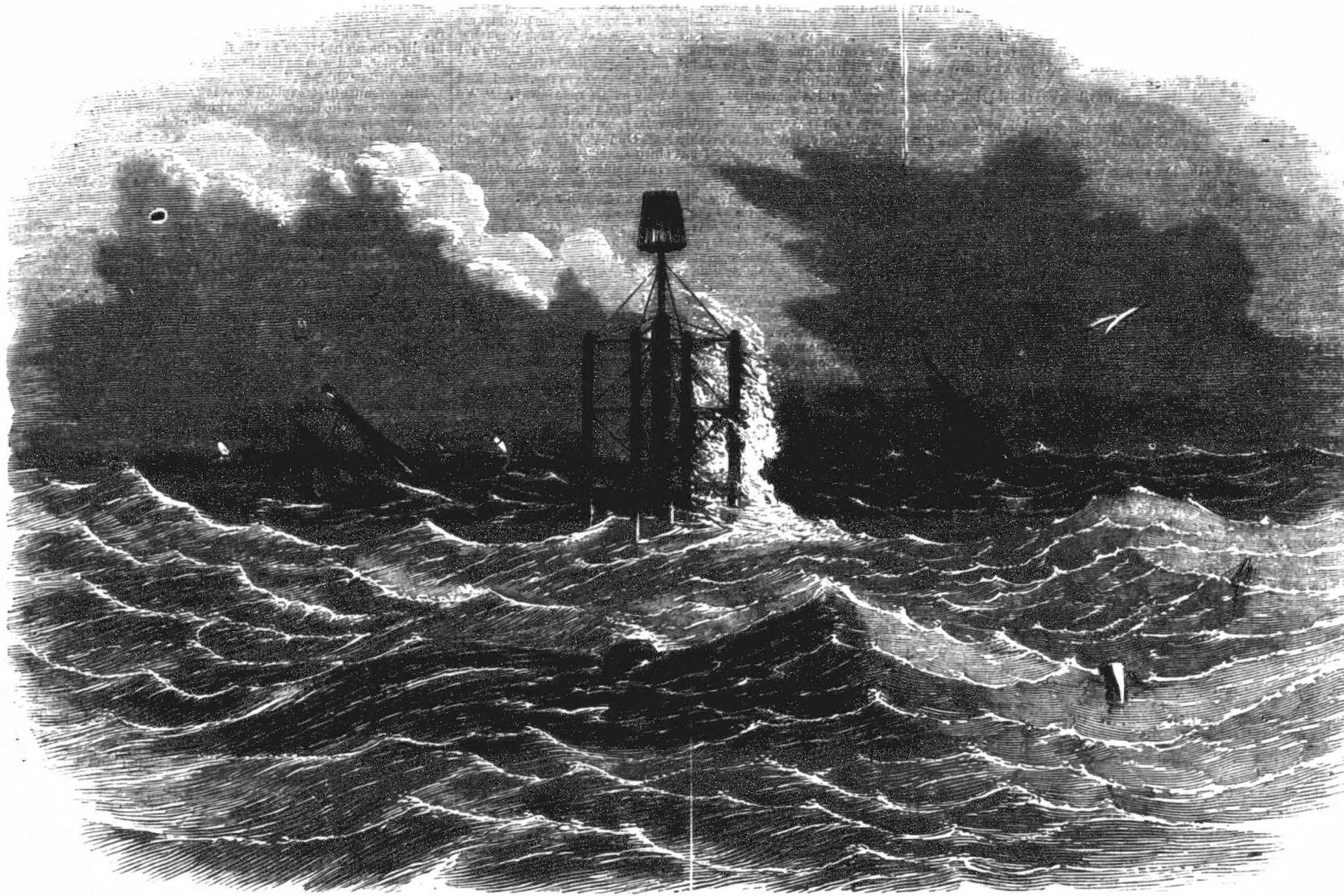
THE following notice has been posted up in all the offices of the Secretaries of State:—No Deputation "in arms" admitted.

We understand that a return is kept at the Lyceum Theatre of the persons (male or female) whom the wonderful Vestvali's performance has afflicted with "suffusion and tenderness on the heart," and "spectral visions of Paradise on the brain." We are happy to learn that up to the present time the return is not a heavy one.



INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

EMILE ROCH



THE TRINITY BEACON ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

The Poisoner's Daughter: A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RIOT AND THE RECOGNITION.

THE alchemist fixed his eyes keenly upon the occupants of the boat as it neared the stone steps, intending to put some questions to them concerning the destruction of the house of the dwarf, and it was at that moment that the short distance allowed Colonel St. Luke to recognise him.

The boat was rushing swiftly through the water, it being trick of the oarsman to startle his patrons with the fear that he was about to dash rudely against the shore, and then to suddenly back water and check his speed, permitting his craft to glide gracefully to the bank.

Therefore he did not heed the sharp command which fell from the lips of St. Luke the instant he recognised the alchemist.

"Oars!" said St. Luke. "Back water! Land at the stairs below!"

"It'll all be right. I know my trade," replied the oarsman, attributing the command to a fear of a crash and throwing all his strength into his stout arms.

The next instant he checked his speed, and the boat glided slowly and steadily to the base of the stone steps, and the eyes of the alchemist and his late apprentice met.

"Ha! young man," exclaimed the alchemist, gazing at St. Luke sharply, "you wear the garb of a gentleman, but I think I see the ass beneath the lion's skin. What freak of folly has eaten up your past night? Can you expect to become a worthy apothecary when you masquerade yourself and debauch all night? Get you to the shop, Simon Brown, where I have something to tell you. I will say nothing of this fool's frolic, though I might well discharge you upon the spot. But to the shop—to the shop; which is in great disorder from a visit of the musketeers of the Lord Protector, and requires speedy setting to rights, Simon."

There was nothing in the tone nor the words of the cunning alchemist which could betray his conviction that his late apprentice had proved eavesdropper and traitor of the exploded plot; for Reginald Brane desired to have Simon Brown once more in his shop, there to give him a dose which would for ever put an end to all his treachery.

Colonel St. Luke listened patiently to the words of his late master, and then, addressing his amazed orderly, who had stared in bewilderment at the alchemist and his colonel alternately, said:—

"Sergeant Catch, reply to this old crazy fellow. Tell him who I am."

Thus ordered, the soldier cocked his musket, and eyeing the alchemist disdainfully, called out:—

"Old man, have you just crawled from some mud-hole, that you call Colonel Raymond St. Luke, of the 18th Regiment of the Lord Protector's London army, by the villainous name of Simon Brown? Be more careful in future, old herring-body, or mayhap I'll put a hole through your pasteboard carcass."

While the sergeant spoke St. Luke threw off his mantle and loose velvet doublet, and thus revealed the red coat and insignia of a Parliamentary colonel.

"Then my supposed apprentice, Simon Brown, is really Colonel Raymond St. Luke!" said Reginald Brane as a shudder of alarm chilled his blood.

"It pleased me to call myself Simon Brown, and to play apprentice to Reginald Brane for a time. Back water, oarsman, and land us below," remarked St. Luke in a cold and haughty tone, and flashing a scornful glance upon the amazed alchemist.

The oarsman plied his oar, and the boat glided away, leaving

Reginald Brane standing upon the stone steps as ignorant of the fact that he had been speaking with his supposed dead son as that son was ignorant of the fact that Reginald Brane was his always to him unknown father.

"So you are Raymond St. Luke," muttered the alchemist, as his eyes followed the boat, their gaze, dark and terrible in their menace, resting upon the colonel. "I have heard of Raymond St. Luke and of his merciless warfare at Worcester, but imagined him to be an older man, a rude soldier, whose life of hardship and strife had made him pitiless. And you, a mere boy, beardless and with the voice of a girl—you who have succeeded in deceiving Herbert Redburn, and in baffling a deeply laid plot which might have convulsed all Europe—you are Raymond St. Luke! Your father must have been a devil."

There was much bitterness and more truth than he imagined in his tone as he said this.

He saw St. Luke land a few hundred yards below the Red House followed by the sergeant, and then lost sight of both as they entered a street leading from the river.

"He is a dangerous fellow," said the alchemist, "but he made a mistake in telling me that he was anybody but fictitious Simon Brown—that he should have left for me to suspect and to discover. Now I know who he is, where he can be found, and his enemy."

Raymond St. Luke, you are said to be the first swordsman in England, but your star began to go down towards the grave when fate led you to tamper with Wild Redburn of Essex. Oliver Cromwell will soon lose a famous colonel, and Satan gain a servitor

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He re-entered the premises of the Red House, and looked the river gate, muttering:—

"Work grows fast and heavy upon my hands. The King to be saved, Cromwell to be removed, Lord Albert to be detained, Lenora to be regained, Captain Blood to be set upon his feet, Carlos Salvador to be set aside, Mag Floss to be found, and St. Luke to be punished. Come, I think my hands are full."

Leaving the alchemist to his intricate plottings, we must follow Colonel St. Luke, who still adhered to his resolution of consulting his mother.

He had proceeded nearly half of the distance when a great throng of people, shouting and clamouring, barred his direct advance. He was about to turn aside into another street when he recognised the Duke of Langford closely followed the tall and powerful form of Don Voldamon, who was pushing his way through the centre of the crowd.

"What's here?" thought St. Luke, as he bade his orderly to keep close to him. "The Duke of Langford and Don Voldamon. The Duke may need my aid. I know my interest demands that I shall gain his gratitude. I am sure that Lady Lenora and her friends escaped from the house of Freeman's marsh, so let me cling to the duke at the right moment."

The mob, as is ever the case in large cities, was constantly increasing, and St. Luke discovered that even his red coat and insignia of colonel gained him little advantage amid the excitement. It was not until he displayed the scarf which declared that he was an officer of the Protector's palace that some of the crowd began to make way before him, dreading the enmity of all high in the favour of Oliver Cromwell.

It was difficult to learn the cause of the disturbance, as the clamour of the mob was great, though cries of "Long live the Lord Protector!" "Hang the traitress!" "Death to all royalists!"

"She is only a woman!" "She is mad!" and other phrases filled the air.

But high above the clamour of the mob, St. Luke now and then heard a hoarse voice, which seemed to mingle the harshness of the tones of a man with the shrillness of the voice of a woman, and which shouted or screamed:—

"Oliver Cromwell is a murderer! He cut off the head of a Royal Charles! The fiend take the bloody usurper! The hangman for red-nose Noll! Long live King Charles the Second!"

The tall stature of St. Luke enabled him to see over many of the heads of the mob, and he perceived a form in the centre of the crowd which he recognised instantly, as its possessor brandished her arms in all the wildness of insanity.

"The mad woman of the Red House!" he thought. "She has wandered to the streets."

Meanwhile the powerful arms and shoulders of Don Voldamon, as well as the fierce aspect and the showiness of his apparel, had enabled him to reach the outskirts of the centre of the crowd.

Lady Eleanor—for it was the hapless victim of the alchemist—stood in the midst of the muddy street, wildly denouncing the Lord Protector, upon whom her erratic thoughts were fixed for the moment.

Left by the alchemist to guard his interview with the king, she had remained motionless until a sudden whim, peculiar to her insanity, led her to leave her post. In wandering here and there with the listlessness of a vacant mind she had reached the entrance in the east wing of the Red House, made by the guards of the Protector; and looking into the street, alive with inhabitants returning to their daily avocations, were seized with an impulse to venture forth.

Having once thrown herself upon the tide of humanity, which rushed in every direction in pursuit of the true Philosopher's Stone, daily bread, she soon became lost to her location.

Years had passed since Lady Eleanor flitted through those streets, in the splendid carriage of Sir Henry Redburn as his bride, a gay and happy woman, and her diseased memory saw nothing which could recall the past.

She stared at the many strange objects which met her eyes with a wild curiosity which now and then halted some passer-by as he hurried to his daily toil; but after laugh at her odd appearance they went on, forgetting her the next instant. But the city was wild with the rumours of the past night, and crazed Lady Eleanor, who had participated so largely in the events which had created those rumours, soon had her inflammable mind fired by the many disconnected comments which her ears caught from the disjointed conversation of the passers-by.

Seized with a frenzy of loyalty to the exiled Stuart, she placed herself in the middle of the spot where two streets intersected, and began to spout the wild emanations of her crazed brain. This instantly collected a group of listeners, which soon increased to a crowd, and then to the proportions of a mob.

Little cared poor crazed Lady Eleanor for the politics or peculiar views of her hearers. A Royalist from birth, that sentiment came powerfully uppermost, and she regaled her listeners with the wildest expressions of enmity to the rule of Oliver Cromwell, and personal hate of the Protector himself.

At the moment when Don Voldamon reached her presence, a huge baker's apprentice, who had emptied his tray at the shop of some customer, was in the act of proving his loyalty to the Puritan dynasty by prostrating the insane speaker by a blow with his wooden tray.

Curiosity at first, humanity next, had attracted the attention of Henry Redburn, Duke of Langford, to the scene, and at his command Don Voldamon had pushed his bulky form to the front.

"Down with thee for a mad fool and a Royalist!" cried the baker's apprentice, swinging his heavy tray over his head, and aiming a demolishing blow at the head of the unfortunate lady.

The words were still upon his lips when the Spaniard caught the descending blow by grasping the wrist of the baker and giving it a twist which sent the heavy tray whirling in the air.

"She is mad, fellow! Would you strike a crazy woman?" said Don Voldamon.

"Crazy or sane," roared the baker, not at all pleased by the twist of his wrist, "she is a traitress, and deserves death."

"When did the Lord Protector make thee his sheriff, jury, judge, and executioner?" demanded the Spaniard, as his hot blood began to boil, set into a heat by the angry eyes of the spectators, who

deemed themselves defrauded of the excitement which would have followed the intended blow of the burly baker.

"To-day!" roared the baker, darting his fist at the eyes of the Spaniard; "and you, by George! are the first on the list."

The vigilant Spaniard easily warded the blow, and threw the baker aside with a scoff, saying—

"Then he appointed the poor devil who should be baking bread!"

This insult so roused the baker that he appealed to his friends to stand by him and see the mad traitress brought before the council.

"Tell them that I take her under my protection, and will see that she answers all summonses," said the duke, who had regarded Lady Eleanor with keen eagerness.

"Fall back, knaves!" cried Don Voldamon, as he whipped out his enormous sword and threw himself before those who were about to seize the hapless lady. "The right noble Duke of Langford—here he is—declares that he takes this mad person under his protection, and will be responsible in all matters appertaining. So fall back and give us free passage."

The mob, however, ever eager for a disturbance, pressed so sharply upon the baker to strike down "the foreign dog that dared touch a true Englishman," that he again raised his ponderous bread tray, struck it upon the ground, and split it into several pieces, which served as cudgels. These he distributed among his friends, retaining one for himself, and, regardless of the warlike appearance of the Spaniard, aimed a blow at his head, which, had it taken effect, would have laid him low.

But Don Voldamon had not gained his great renown by any common prowess. He stooped with the suppleness of a circus clown, avoiding the blow, and dealt the baker a stunning fistcuff under the ear, which hurled him to the ground, where he lay senseless and bleeding from mouth and ears.

"It is the Spaniard who was to stab the Protector!" cried some of the crowd. "Down with the traitor!"

"Must I use my sword?" exclaimed the fierce and undaunted buccaneer, sweeping his long blade around him with immense reach, and slicing the faces of two of those who were brandishing their cudgels in his eyes.

The duke now raised his voice to quell the increasing fury of the mob, and finding his words of no avail, drew his rapier, and threw himself before a ruffian who was rushing upon poor Lady Eleanor, whose tongue had not ceased to pour forth a volley of taunts levelled at all who supported Cromwell.

Don Voldamon, being a foreigner, was the chief object of attack, and the keenness of his sword, though he was careful not to strike any vital place, made his unarmed opponents fall back for a moment. The baker's friends now raised the famous rallying cry of the London apprentices, "Clubs! Clubs!" and young and daring men of all trades, armed with short clubs and staves, rushed from every quarter to take part in the fray.

Don Voldamon now applied a golden whistle to his lips, blowing a shrill blast, which was answered upon the outskirts of the mob, repeated again and again in various quarters, and soon after the crowd was tossed and hustled aside by a compact and disciplined body of men, whose garb, and the short broad-bladed cutlasses they wielded, declared them to be seamen.

These men, whose uniform was that of the Spanish navy, but whose bold and bluff faces and athletic frames declared them to be Englishmen, in number at least fifty, soon ranged themselves around their Spanish chief, encircling him, the duke, and Lady Eleanor.

The mob, without a chief, and armed only with clubs, staves, and stones, recoiled from this formidable array of bearded faces and flashing eyes, which had dared the dangers of the seas and piratical warfare for years, under the sagacious command of their tall chieftain, whose bulky form, resplendent in gorgeous trappings, towered in their midst.

"Say the word, my lord duke, and we will mow them down like weeds," growled Don Voldamon, whose dark cheek had grown fiery red from the blow of a missile thrown at him by some one in the crowd.

"No, shed no blood, unless in self-defence," replied the duke. "Peace, mad woman!" he exclaimed, grasping the arm of Lady Eleanor. "Your outcries make the mob as mad as yourself."

Something in his tone or look caused the crazed lady to be instantly silent, and she began to weep, while she seemed to comprehend her danger, and clung to the arm of the duke.

The mob now threatened to expand into a riot, and in those days a London riot was a terrible thing. Up and down that and all the neighbouring streets the shopkeepers hastened to close and bar the doors and front windows of their establishments, and stones, clubs, and missiles began to fly through the air.

"There must an end to this," cried Don Voldamon as he saw his heroes of the sea turning their fierce eyes towards him, eager to hear his trumpet voice sound the charge.

At this moment the red uniform of Colonel St. Luke emerged from the masses which crushed towards and around the duke and his party.

He was instantly recognised as he drew his sword, and shouts greeted his appearance. But those shouts became roars of rage when it was seen that he and his orderly each struck down a man, and faced the mob as enemies.

"It's butcher St. Luke! Down with him!" cried some old soldier of the conquered Royal army. "He gave no quarter at Worcester—give him none now!"

"The horse guards!" screamed a voice, and the mob, terrified by the cry which warned them of the approach of cavalry, fled in every direction as the shrill blast of a trumpet in a neighbouring street proved the truth of the cry.

"Scatter, lads, scatter!" exclaimed Don Voldamon. "Cromwell's horse guards are coming."

His followers glided away, mingling with the flying crowd, and vanishing as the burnished helmets, glittering cuirasses, and flashing swords of the Lord Protector's own body guards came into view at a brisk trot, some two hundred in number.

The Lord Protector rode with them, and on his right rode General Monk, who afterwards was the main instrument in the restoration of Charles Stuart to the throne, while on his left rode General Lambert. Near him also rode a pale and sad-faced gentleman, clad in black, who was none other than Mr. John Milton now so famous as having been the author of "Paradise Lost," but then only important as the private secretary of the Protector.

The Duke of Langford, with Lady Eleanor still weeping and clinging to his arm, moved from the middle to the side of the street, where he was followed by Don Voldamon.

Colonel St. Luke, who was desirous to link his fortune with that of the duke, also left the street and halted near him with his orderly.

Cromwell checked his horse abruptly as his eye fell upon the party, and exclaimed in his harsh voice:—

"What now? The mad woman of the Red House. My lord, hast thou taken the witch to tame her tongue? Ah, and my cut-throat Don, with his sword still drawn ever ready to shed English blood."

"Only in self-defence, your highness," replied the Spaniard, sheathing his sword and doffing his hat of plumes.

"Colonel St. Luke," said Cromwell, "thou art not with thy regiment, which we bear hath met with a heavy loss by an explosion across the Thames. But we have no time for explanation now—report to us in person at our palace to-night. My lord duke, what art thou going to do with that witch, who, for a marvel, is not thrice mad at sight of Oliver Cromwell?"

"I will take care of her, your highness, until I can restore her to her keeper, Reginald Brame," replied the duke.

"No, no!" shrieked Lady Eleanor, filled with terror, as she

heard the alchemist's name. "He will beat me—lash me—hang me! Good gentlemen," she begged in accents whose piteousness was not lost in the hoarseness of her voice, as she sank upon her knees and clung to the hand of the duke, "I pray you though I am but mad Mag Floss, to shelter me from Reginald Brame."

"We wish thee luck with the burr that sticks to thy beard, lord duke," said Cromwell smiling grimly as he rode away. "We advise thee to wed her to thy popinjay Don there."

"For all that," muttered the Spaniard, as he twirled his moustache fiercely, "Your brewerish fears Don Voldamon, and I read sudden arrest in your eye if I but chirp against you."

St. Luke now offered his services to the duke, who declined them with grave thanks, for there was something in his heart which made him dislike the young officer, whom he had not failed to recognise as the apprentice of the night before.

St. Luke bowed low and moved away, resolved to overcome by extraordinary services the icy reserve of the duke.

"I will myself take charge of this unfortunate woman," observed the duke to the Spaniard, "since it appears that her black-faced master, Reginald Brame—"

"His heart is black! His face is pale!" cried crazed Lady Eleanor, whose madness now taught her to avoid her late tyrant.

"Twas black enough last night," said the duke, in some surprise. "But no matter, poor woman, you are now under my protection. Come, Don Voldamon, let us return to my house, where I may attend to the wants of this unfortunate."

"I like not that fellow," remarked the Spaniard, pausing to gaze after Colonel St. Luke. He was Simon Barginos last night, or some such name, I can swear, and now he is Colonel St. Luke. St. Jago! what if peppy Sir Edward Dudley had known that last night! There would not have been a piece of my gay colonel left."

"Nor do I like him, yet it was bold, indeed in him to venture such a course where he did," said the duke. "He saved us, however, and seems anxious to do more—for pay, no doubt."

They moved on, one on each side of Lady Eleanor, whose mood of insanity was no longer boisterous, but sad, and who walked quietly, with eyes fixed upon the ground.

As they continued on their way a horseman, clad in the coarse garb of a countryman, with a swarthy visage half hidden by a slouched hat and a woolen scarf twisted round his neck, suddenly turned from a narrow street and met them almost face to face.

The countryman made no remark aloud, though he checked his horse for an instant and stared at the party from beneath a pair of shaggy red eyebrows.

"Move on, blundered boor!" cried the Spaniard, displeased by the rude stare of the rustic. "Move on, or I'll prick you with a sharper sword than your own."

The countryman muttered something under his red moustache and spurred on at full speed.

"The rustic rides a splendid steed," thought Don Voldamon, looking after him. "Ho! the knave has halted and looks back at us. Pity that I did not smite him in the face for that stare. There, he rides on, and may the devil ride with him!"

"What is the matter, poor woman?" asked the duke, as he saw that Lady Eleanor was trembling violently and seemed ready to dart away.

"It was he! Those eyes! It was my cruel master! It was Reginald Brame!" she cried.

Yes, it was the disguised alchemist, hurrying to learn what had become of Lenora and the earl.

He had, of course, recognised Lady Eleanor and those with her; but it was not his purpose to speak then. He rode on, muttering:—

"A gay husband and wife, if they but knew it. But I know where you are, my lady."

CHAPTER XXI.

A PORTRAIT SAVES ST. LUKE.

COLONEL ST. LUKE, on reaching his residence, dismissed his orderly, and entered the house from the rear, a practice very usual with one of his sly and cautious nature.

"Where is Madam St. Luke?" he asked of one of the women servants.

"She has gone out, sir, since an early hour, was the reply.

"When she returns, inform her that she will find me in my room, where I wish to see her," said he, passing on and entering his own apartment.

The room was furnished richly with every comfort and luxury of the age, but this magnificence had not been purchased by Raymond St. Luke, whose parsimonious disposition loved rather to have his gold in coin than in luxuries or even comforts. The care of his mother had supplied him with everything, even to his richly hilted rapier, and his uniform.

Whatever might have been the faults of Madam St. Luke, she devotedly loved her son; and though all her schemes for revenge were for her own gratification, her schemes for ambition were for him alone.

St. Luke threw off his garments, bathed, and clothing himself in undress, enveloped himself in a rich robe embroidered by his mother, and reclined upon a sofa.

He did not intend to sleep, but fatigue overcame him as he closed his eyes, and he was soon sound asleep, so sound that the entrance of a servant and the replenishing of the fire on the hearth did not arouse him.

The servant attended to his duties and withdrew; not, however, without casting a glance upon his sleeping master in which were both fear and respect.

Suspended over the sofa upon which St. Luke slept was a painting admirably executed, a portrait of Madam St. Luke, painted when she was in the prime of young womanhood. The reader will recollect that in Chapter X. we introduced the original of this portrait in these words:—"A fierce-eyed, dark-featured woman, who must have possessed great beauty, for her features, though greatly marked by the ravages of small-pox, were regular and handsome still, yet somewhat coarse and large."

The portrait, though the coarseness and largeness of the features and the marring of the small-pox were not there, bore a striking resemblance to Madam St. Luke as we introduced her, especially in that fierceness of the eye and haughtiness of lip.

Raymond St. Luke had slept steadily for more than an hour, the inmates of the house having withdrawn to the servants' quarters, as their mistress was out and their master asleep, while the door which led from his apartment into a small library adjoining was slowly and noiselessly opened.

The "library" was hardly much more than a large closet, used by St. Luke as a receptacle for his books, surplus arms, and odds and ends, including masks and disguises.

The person opening the door was so exceedingly cautious in his movements that if Raymond St. Luke had been awake, with his eyes fixed upon the door, he could not have heard a sound. After the door had slowly opened wide enough to admit its mover, a head appeared, a face concealed by one of those masks which its wearer had snatched up in the library.

Had St. Luke been awake, he would have recognised one of his own masks, but he would not have recognised its wearer. He would have recognised as his own the clergyman's surplice, which was drawn about the intruder's form.

The intruder entered slowly, his feet gliding over the thick carpet by imperceptible advances, until he had passed around the tall posted bed which interfered with his view of the apartment.

A slight start marked his discovery of the sleeper upon the sofa, and to gain a better view he drew his mask from his face and held it in his hand, ready to be replaced instantly. Then, had St. Luke been awake, he would have rushed to his arms, for he would

have recognised Sir Edward Dudley—Sir Edward Dudley, the bitter and desperate Royalist, who had sworn to slay Raymond St. Luke though he himself died that instant; who had devoted his life the night before to the finding of the betrayer of the exploded plot, and who had his suspicions aroused by his discoveries in that little "library."

But we must first explain how it was that Sir Edward Dudley, whom we left in the pitchy darkness of the cellar, in which the conspirators held their meetings, and which had been selected for that purpose by St. Luke, as their agent; as he had in view the betrayal of the plot from the moment that his spymen in the Red House gave him a knowledge of its existence, he had chosen the adjoining that of his mother, from his perfect familiarity with all its exits and entrances.

Sir Edward Dudley, therefore, when he escaped from the yard of the assaulted house, entered one of the three cellars beneath the house of Madam St. Luke. The cavalier was quite sore for a time from the shock of his desperate leap from the window, and for several hours after his second fall from the window to the floor of the cellar, a distance of five feet, remained exhausted and motionless.

As time stole on he slept, he knew not how long, whether one or ten hours; but he awoke greatly refreshed, though somewhat stiff from his bruises. The cavalier, as we have stated, was far past the middle age, in fact between sixty and sixty-five. But his age had not enfeebled his strength nor impaired his activity. His muscles were like steel, and all his faculties as keen and powerful as in his early manhood.

The civil war had seemed only to toughen this veteran Royalist, until his short but well-formed frame had become a mass of muscle, bone and sinew. Young men had often perished in struggling with hardships, which Sir Edward, grey and wrinkled-faced, laughed at and overcame unharmed.

When he awoke in the cellar he found himself refreshed, yet both hungry and thirsty, and without the slightest idea of where he was. The dim light which penetrated through the single window, a window so small that he wondered how he had ever passed through it, was of but little aid to his eyes, as he gazed about him.

The dampness and odour of the air told him that he was in a cellar, and he was too old a soldier not to at once connect that fact with the probability that the cellar contained some beverage which might allay his painful thirst. Rising cautiously he explored the cellar and found not so much an empty barrel.

"The house to which this cellar belongs," thought Sir Edward, "is either unoccupied, or he who lives in it is a miserly knave who drinks nothing but water."

Groping again to find the door of the cellar, for he wished to escape by ascending into the house, he soon found a half-open door, and entering by it, was soon convinced that he was in another cellar, for while groping he heard the crash of a rusty lock overhead, and saw the rays of a lamp stream into the darkness.

He sank behind a large barrel near him, and remained motionless and watchful. He saw a woman servant descend a short flight of stairs, bearing the lamp in one hand and a pitcher in the other. The light showed a profusion of dried meats swinging from the ceiling, and an array of barrels and bottles which betokened that the owner of the house lived upon the best.

The woman drew a pitcher of ale from a barrel, saying aloud, as servants often speak their thoughts—"I'll leave the ale until I have carried up the wine," then began to select several bottles from a shelf, much to the alarm of the cavalier, who feared discovery.

But she did not approach the barrel behind which he crouched, and having selected the bottles, hurried up the steps, leaving the lamp and pitcher below to await her return.

The cavalier no sooner lost sight of her than he quenched his raging thirst, extinguished the lamp, overturned the pitcher, and ascended the stairs with a noiseless stride, covering three steps at a reach.

He had gained the hall floor above, when he heard the woman returning. The hall was dark, as the cavalier in putting out the light in the cellar had designed, and as the woman saw no rays streaming up from below, she exclaimed:—

"Now, the lamp has gone out, and I will have to get another," and she hurried away in time to save her life, perhaps, for Sir Edward was desperate, and, had she advanced so as to discover him by touching him, he had resolved to throttle her instantly and hurl her into the cellar.

He knew his life was at stake, and, to preserve it, was determined to take any life which should come between him and safety.

As she hurried away after another lamp, the cavalier glided after her a few paces, and finding an unlocked door yield to his passing touch, entered it at once. There was light enough in this room to permit him to see that he was in a pantry or larder, and as some servant might enter it at any moment, he opened a door which led into another apartment, whose open windows proved to him that the sun was shining.

While pausing in doubt he heard footsteps in the larder, and spying a closet ran to it on tiptoe, and entering it closed the door after him.

He concealed himself just in time, for the person who had alarmed him entered the room, which the cavalier judged to be a servants' apartment from what he had seen.

Although in a closet, with the door closed, Sir Edward was surprised to perceive that he was not in darkness, and glancing about saw that he was at the foot of a flight of stairs.

Anxious to escape from the house, he stole up the stairs noiselessly, and found himself in that small apartment which adjoined the bed-chamber of St. Luke.

A window admitted ample light for him to notice clearly every object.

"This seems to be a kind of library and room for this and that," muttered Sir Edward, looking about. "Books, masks, garments, a saddle and bridle, foils, swords, fishing tackle—what not?" he mused.

Suddenly his roving but observing eye was caught by a dark garb which lay upon the floor. The cut and colour reminded him of one who held a prominent place in his thoughts—of Simon Brown the apprentice of the alchemist.

He examined the doublet, and felt that it smelt of drugs, like the garments of those who busy themselves among camphor, oils, and essences.

"It is the garment of Simon Brown, as I live, or of some other apothecary's apprentice," he thought. "But here is a slip of parchment or paper—what is this? Dudley, Scarborough, Fairland." As I live, a list of those of the plot! So it is as I suspected. Simon Brown is the traitor. Masks and disguises, eh? No doubt he made frequent use of them."

Here his eye again fell upon the saddle, the bridle lying near it, and a silver-handled riding whip.

"Saddle and bridle?" he muttered. "Now, what does a drug apprentice do with them? A handsome whip this—what is this engraved upon the handle?" "Raymond St. Luke, Colonel 18th Regiment Life Guards!"

"Great God!" he exclaimed, almost aloud. "Is it possible that Raymond St. Luke and Simon Brown are one? Then he doubtless deserves death. Am I in the house of Butcher St. Luke?" But perhaps Simon Brown is a thief and stole this whip from Colonel St. Luke. I have never seen St. Luke, though I have heard that he was a young man. But first let me get out of this house. Let me save my own life before I speculate about taking another's."

(To be continued.)

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

On Friday, the 15th inst., the Empress's fete was celebrated at St. Cloud. In Paris, also, many of the theatres were decorated with flags and illuminated; the day was likewise marked by numerous acts of liberality in favour of poor families, and by contributions to benevolent institutions. Among the visitors who went to St. Cloud to offer congratulations to the Empress, I remarked the Duchess of Alba's two charming daughters, dressed very picturesquely in fancy violet velvet, trimmed with cross-cut bands of the same colour; wide satin sashes and waistbands, and violet velvet toques decorated with white feathers.

There was a dinner party and private theatricals in the evening. The "Bastier Anonyme," by MM. Adenis and Jules Bléry, was played by the actors of the Comédie Française and the "Cravates Blanches," comedy, in one act, by M. Goudinet, was performed by the company of the Gymnase. The Empress herself made the selection of this insignificant little piece, which could not have fatigued its author to write, and certainly did not fatigue the spectators to listen to.

At the last races in Paris there were several pretty costumes worn which deserve notice. Many were made of black silk, and worn over black satin petticoats, striped with either red or blue velvet; the small black paletots were embroidered with jet, or, if it was redingote, the sash containing it round the waist was also striped and fringed with colour.

Many of the élégantes wore toques made of velvet, and bordered with a band of feathers, or else with a band of otter, and an aigrette of feather flowers at the side. Some of the toques were made entirely of grebe, with an aigrette also of grebe.

A dark green costume had a very stylish effect. The dress was of rich green silk, of the shade called émeraude; the skirt was trimmed with three narrow flounces, and the redingote, which was of dark green velvet, was bordered with sable. The velvet toque, trimmed with sable, was decorated at the side with an aigrette formed with the tail of a sable.

Another exquisite toilette consisted of Savoie-blue silk; the skirt, which was looped up with rings made of gimp and jet, was ornamented all over with long leaves worked with jet; similar leaves were also sewn round the second skirt and the paletot. The fauchon bonnet, composed entirely of jet leaves, was fastened under the chin with blue velvet strings. The tiny blue velvet muff was bordered with two rows of Russian sable.

Keys are all the fashion. I do not know whether it is a political allusion, but such is undoubtedly the fact. The Princess de M. wore a gold key for a brooch at the last races. Pretty Countess de P., who is called one of the Polish Graces, wore a black velvet dress, embroidered all over with blue bees, a wide blue silk sash, the ends of which were crossed in the centre by a large key suspended from gold rings; keys for earrings, and even a key embroidered on the corner of her handkerchief.

The bells of antiquity wore armed gallops in their ears; the Parisian élégantes of the nineteenth century wish apparently to imitate them, and even to go a step further. For earrings they sport small vessels, small boats, needle guns, lanterns, jockey's caps and whips, &c., &c. These last emblems of the racecourse are also like the keys, embroidered on the corner of ladies' pocket handkerchiefs.

In a former letter I wrote of heraldic coronets in jet, but since the commencement of the week heraldic waistbands have been introduced. The ends of wide sashes made of either black or white moire are embroidered in relief with the coat of arms or other heraldic badges of the wearer. Arms are also produced in the chased silver and enamel agates that serve for buckles.

The new pocket handkerchiefs for the season have wide hems, either lilac or blue, with centres of unbleached cambric. Narrow Valenciennes edging is sewn round the handkerchiefs, and the initials are embroidered in the same colour as the hem.

The most exquisite wristbands, with five tabs attached to them, are now made in gimp, and so finely are they worked that they have all the effect of lace; the pattern of the gimp usually consists of graceful arabesques, and these look very stylish over rich silk and satin skirts that are plain round the waist. Some of the gimp bands are made with one long sash-end—a sort of long pointed bauble that descends to the centre of the back of the skirt. The châtelaine ceintures, made of dead-looking gimp, has quite replaced the jet waistbands so fashionable during the summer.

I will now describe some toilettes that I saw a few days ago at Mme. Vignon's, the Empress's dressmaker.

The Taglioni, a promenade costume made of striped maroon and black velvet, and worn over a maroon satin petticoat, the skirt is ruffled round the edge, bordered with satin, and trimmed with narrow maroon fringe, the paletot is ornamented to correspond; it has long Hungarian sleeves, and narrow maroon satin coat sleeves are worn beneath them.

The Hermione costume is of mauve satin; the skirt cut out in long petals and bound with mauve velvet, every petal embroidered in a graceful design with white silk and jet beads. The sash is worked to correspond, and a row of velvet buttons fastens the bodice, each button being embroidered with tiny white sprig.

A ball dress of white tulle bouillonné; sky blue satin tunic with silver fringe round the edge; silver cords loop up the tunic on the left side. The top of the low bodice is white tulle, and a row of silver fringe falls over a half corset of blue satin, which forms the lower half of the bodice.

Astrachan is once more making its appearance as a fashionable trimming, and it is not likely to grow out of favour quickly, because it is useful, and not conspicuous. Gold braid and gold soutache are again to be seen on winter jackets, also applications of coral, which latter have a most original effect. One of the most coquettish novelties I have seen in this style was a costume worn by Princess D.—. It was black faille over coral-coloured faille petticoat; the black paletot was trimmed with astrachan, and embroidered at the corners with long sprays of rough coral. The black velvet muff and toque were likewise worked in a similar manner, the coral design being carried out on a smaller scale than on the paletot.

As small Capuchon caps are coming into favour for morning wear, it was thought probable that chignons would be lowered to admit of the new form of cap being worn at the top of them. But quite another style is adopted. The chignon is fastened as high as ever, it is widened, and the Capuchon covers it, fitting closely over it. Long curls out of doors are now considered as bad style, and are reserved exclusively for evening toilettes. Gold powder will be plentifully used this winter; the new powder is exceedingly fine, and the entire head is dusted thickly over with it exactly as though white or violet powder was being used; the effect is eccentric, but certainly not pretty.

The toilettes of the ladies at the opening of the Chambers were of the most elegant description. The Empress wore a dress of white emroidered satin, trimmed with velvet, a Marie Antoinette mantle of black lace, a broad sash of black velvet, and a velvet bonnet. The Princess Mathilde was dressed in a satin robe, ornamented with golden buttons and delicate coloured velvet trimmings; and the Princess Murat in a light green satin robe, covered with white lace. The Emperor wore the uniform of a General of Division, and the Prince Imperial was in a black velvet dress, with red stockings, and having the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour.—Queen.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

It will be advisable now to loosen the branches of peaches and nectarines from the walls for the purpose of hardening the wood more thoroughly, &c. Remove all nails and shreds carefully, and bundle here and there six or eight shoots severally together, which may, by means of twine, be fastened so as to hang loosely to the wall, in order that no risk may be incurred of injury in windy or snow-drifting weather. Fasten them firmly, for it will be necessary to allow them so to remain until the early spring, as the loosening of them from contact with the wall materially retards their time of flowering.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

This is a good time for making cuttings of any variety of the rose, which it is necessary to propagate by such means. Remove from the parent plant any of the shoots of the current season's growth having a "heel" at their base—viz., a portion of the older wood from which the bud originally issued. Make a clean cut at the base of the cuttings so formed, when they may be dibbled out in rows in any selected corner, there to stand until next autumn, by which time they will have become nice strong plants suitable for removal into any position where needed. It may be well to mention that some part of the upper portion of the shoot should also be removed—the cutting, in fact, formed of the firmest wood, need not be more than ten or twelve inches in length. Neapolitan violets, which have now become well hardened by exposure, should have the lights placed over them.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

It will be well to make a sowing of some early sort of peas upon a warm south border, or other not too exposed situation. Sow them thickly and moderately deep, that severe frosts may not injure the roots. Hence it will be best to draw deep drills, say seven inches below the surface. Upon very slight soils tread the peas firmly into the alleys after sowing, and so place the soil back over them that a slightly elevated ridge may exist immediately upon the side which is most exposed to the northerly or more eastern side; this for the purpose of warding off cold, cutting winds, &c. when the plants are above ground in later severe weather. Cut off and remove the decayed stalks from plantations of Jerusalem artichokes. These having performed their necessary offices have no further uses, and hence need removal. Sow onions, where a demand for young ones constantly exists, a part at a time, and place them in warmth.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE TELEGRAPH LINES AND THE POST-OFFICE.

THERE is now no doubt of the intentions of the Government in regard to placing the telegraph lines under the management of the Post-Office. In the ensuing session of Parliament a bill will be introduced giving power to the Postmaster-General to acquire by agreement the property, rights, and interests of telegraph companies within the United Kingdom. The bill proposes "to enable Her Majesty's Postmaster-General with the consent and approbation of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury or any two of them, to purchase and acquire the whole or such part or parts as he may think fit of the electric and other telegraphs, wires, posts, pipes, tubes and other works, instruments and materials, lands, stations, offices, tenements, hereditaments and buildings, parliamentary, prescriptive, and other rights, powers, privileges, and patents, and all other property whatsoever, of all or any of the companies, corporations, or persons now engaged in transmitting or authorized to transmit messages for money or other consideration, by means of electric or other telegraphs or mechanical agencies, between any places in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and to enable such companies, corporations, or persons, or any or either of them, to sell, convey, and dispose of the same accordingly. To vest the same when so purchased in Her Majesty's Postmaster-General and his successors, and to enable him and them after the passing of the intended Act to exercise all the rights, powers, and privileges which before such transfer had or might have been enjoyed and exercised by the said companies, corporations, or persons, or any of them, and to levy tolls, rents, rates, duties and charges, and to create exemptions from the payment of tolls, rents, duties and charges." The bill will provide for the winding-up of the affairs of any company who shall sell their undertaking under the powers of the intended Act, and for the distribution of the assets of such company. So far as may be necessary for carrying into complete effect the objects and purposes of the bill power will be taken to alter or repeal the several Acts and Charters relating to telegraph companies within the United Kingdom, and to vary or extinguish all rights, powers, or privileges which would be inconsistent or interfere with the objects and purposes of the intended bill.

LIBERTY OF THE SUBJECT IN FRANCE.

The Temps gives an account of an incident in a French village which strikingly illustrates the impunity with which the gendarmerie are allowed to commit outrages on civilians when they are removed from the immediate vicinity of Paris. On the 27th of October a sergeant and a private of gendarmerie came to M. Hautefeuille, steward of the estate of Sainte Marie, near Jouy-le-Châtel, and one of the most respectable inhabitants of the district, to ask him to sign their marching orders. M. Hautefeuille did what they asked, but at the same time complained to the sergeant that he had lately acted unfairly towards him. The sergeant retorted that he could put M. Hautefeuille in prison for saying so, upon which the latter begged him not to come to his house any more, as he did not care to treat people with refreshment whose only return for his kindness was a threat of arrest. This so provoked the gendarmerie that they struck M. Hautefeuille repeatedly, tore the clothes off his back, and then dragged him to the barracks at Jouy-le-Châtel, where he was imprisoned without food for eighteen hours in a dark dungeon full of vermin. Next day he was brought before the maire, who ordered him to be sent to Provins, where he was set free; the authorities, however, at the same time informing him that they considered the gendarmerie fully justified in what they had done. The conduct of the officials in the present case possibly be accounted for by the fact that M. Hautefeuille's employer is the Count d'Haussonville, a warm supporter of the house of Orleans, but this extraordinary story proves none the less how much a Frenchman is at the mercy of every petty official. It was lately decided in Paris that a citizen had no redress against a *sergent de ville* who arrested him without having a legitimate pretext for doing so.

THE magistrates of Waterford have ordered a young man of respectable position to find heavy bail for singing in the streets the seditious song known as "The Fenian Men," which was more popular among Fenian sympathisers in Ireland in the time of James Stephens than more lately.

"THE LEADER."—The resuscitated London weekly newspaper, the *Leader*, has inaugurated a second innovation of journalistic routine. Not content with introducing the French *feuilleton*, in the form of a serial tale, into a political and literary review, it has still further encroached upon magazine domains by publishing a monthly part, in a handsome and alluring cover. The October Part contains the Prologue and a large instalment of the First Book of Mr. Yates' spirited novel "A Righted Wrong," Mr. John Oxenford's sketches of "Life in New York," and a multitude of essays and light social papers by eminent and accomplished writers.

LITERATURE.

Favourite Authors—Smollett: his Life and a Selection from his Writings. By Robert Chambers, LL.D. (Chambers.)

SIR JAMES SMOLLETT—Tobias's stern, selfish, unlovable grandfather—is presented to us in an autographic fragment, which confirms the reader's aversion to the cold, grasping, close-lipped knight, and is at the same time a noteworthy illustration of the temper of the times in which the canny Scot achieved his small successes. This singular paper is entitled, "Memorial of certain passages of the Lord's Signal Mercies to me, notwithstanding manifold Sins and Provocations upon my part, which are hereunto subjoined for my excitement to holy and spiritual duties, and to the redeeming of mis-spent time by serious repentance and amendment of life, which I do earnestly pray may attain the wished-for effect"; and it opens with the following complimentary mention of his ancestors:—"I was conceived and born in sin and brought forth in iniquity, descended of a sinful generation, who had corrupted their ways, and therefore God, in his righteous judgment, had near cut off the remembrance of it from the earth, none being extant but myself alone of my name to have the hope of any posterity. In the space of eight or ten days after I came into the world, my mother was removed out of it, and then I was left an only infant to the care of Providence." Having received his first scholastic instruction at Dumbarton, he was placed at Glasgow, where he distinguished himself more by fondness of "billiards," than devotion to study. In 1665 he was apprenticed to "an writer to the Signet," and commenced his fortunate career in the Scotch capital on a narrow allowance. Of his college life at Glasgow and his early shifts in Edinburgh he writes:—

"It happened that my proficiency was so good at the school, that betwixt the age of twelve and thirteen I was fit for the college, and my father, then finding that he had no other hope of succession, did have me under more consideration, and increased in concern about me, and he carried me to Glasgow, where, for the first two years, I was lodged with very hard and penurious people. I was thought sufficiently capable of studies; but being very young, happening with idle comrades, I did quite neglect my book, and addicted myself to the billiards and other plays of that kind, whereby my time was much, if not altogether mis-spent. I came always home in time of vacance, where, having no one to direct me, I passed these seasons much in idleness, and what I read [I] did not understand. The third and fourth year of the college, I was put in better company, but was still blessed with love to plays and diversions, so that in the course of these four years I attained to a small improvement; yet when I was graduate, invocations being then usual, I was, by favour of the masters, placed among the strong of the students, there being, as I remember, only six or seven of thirty-eight or thereby posted before me. This gave me some encouragement, and satisfied my father, though indeed there was no ground either for one or other. After I had passed some time at Dumbarton, I was desired to consider what means of livelihood I was to follow, for at this time my father's misfortunes were appearing by [his] being involved in the public, and the Lord's withdrawing success to his endeavours. For many good reasons, which I think fit to pass in silence, it pleased the Lord to incline me to seek his direction. At length, it was resolved I should be taken to Edinburgh, and be made a prentice to an writer to the Signet. I came to Edinburgh towards the end of the year '65, and I was bound to Walter Ewing, writer, who at that had lost much of his business for not taking the Declaration; yet I was so unadvisedly fond of him as our countryman, that I was positive to go to no other. My father boardit me in a private house at fifty merks the quarter; but in that house the diet was mean; so, after the first quarter, I resolved to give over the boarding and take myself to my own shifts, in which I succeeded so well that I put near the half of the fifty merks to the fore, which indeed put me to the extremest frugality, whereof the particulars were but nauseous to repeat. Yet I was sensible in my after-life it did me good, according to that old saying:—'Quo semet est intuba,' &c. Meantime, the lightness and vanity of youth made me scatter with one hand what I gathered with the other, for all I could save from my belly and scraps together of drink-money, by and most assiduous and diligent attendance, I bestowed upon clothes. Yea, I came to that unaccountable persuasion, that I could not be happy without fine apparel, and no satisfaction or pleasure did appear equal to that of carrying home such clothes as no other in the place had, and to this I attained as well as soared, for I was admiral on that account; and many thought I was playing the bankrupt, because by piecemeal my father's circumstances still waxed worse, and the employment I had under Walter Ewing, who had so little to himself, could not admit of my prodigal habit. However, I squandered through all these difficulties, and retained this habit of gorgeous apparel all the time of my abode in Edinburgh, without contracting any sensible burden."

"Hints to Purchasers of Jewellery." By Edwin W. Streeter, Successor to Hancock, Burbrook, & Co., Conduit-street, Bond-street. English Edition. Price 1s.

THIS valuable book is divided into three parts, which sufficiently explains the nature of its contents—viz., Part I. How to Buy Jewellery. Part II. How Jewellery is Made by Machinery (illustrations). Part III. On the Different Qualities of Gold. Any work written by a practical man is always of value to those who are ignorant of the art in which he excels. That jewellery made by machinery can be sold cheaper than that made by hand, no one will deny, but if any one should be sceptical as to the general expense and cheapness of such jewellery, all such a person has to do is to visit Mr. Streeter's establishment, where they will gain every information, and be received with courtesy, should they be merely seekers after knowledge and not purchasers, even in the present or the future. Every intending buyer of jewellery should make Mr. Streeter's little book his *vade mecum*. It will be found an infallible guide, and save much imposition and disappointment.

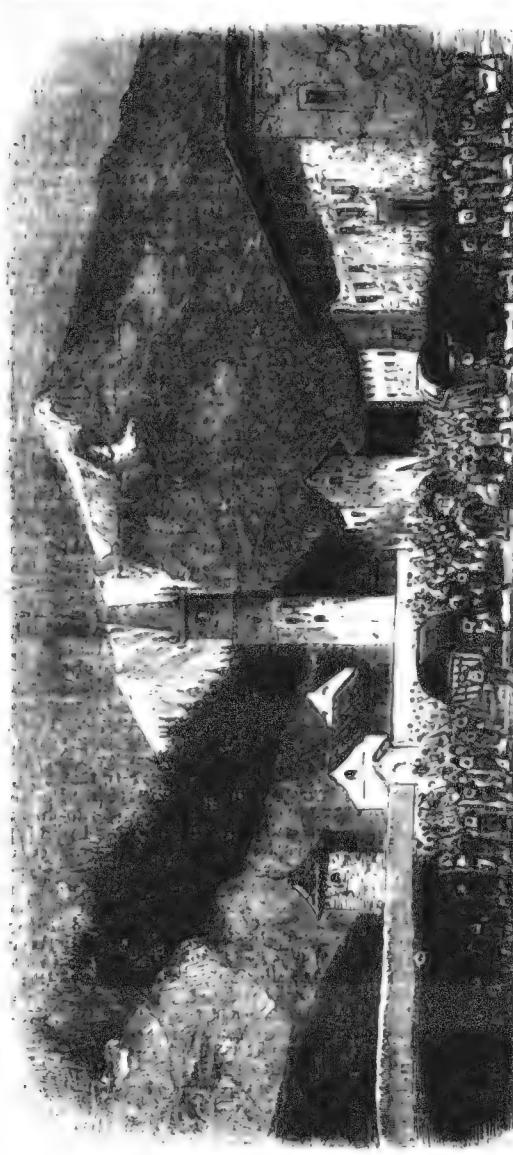
"Rodwell's Child's First Step to the History of England."

ALTHOUGH a very unprettish volume, this is one which commands itself to every parent who wishes his children to be well grounded in history. The edition under notice is a new one, revised and corrected. It contains questions for examination, a chronological table and index, events to be remembered in every successive reign, and is illustrated with portraits of all the Sovereigns. A better book could not be put in the hands of a child.

"The Life and Death of my Dog Lion." In Rhyme. A Story for the Young. C. Perry, Corinthian Bazaar.

THIS trifle may be acceptable in the nursery where the readers are not very particular about their literary fare, though we are free to confess that the author might have taken a little more pains with his verses, although he does not pretend to be more than a simple amateur of the young. Had he allowed the lines to run on the story would have made somewhat indifferent prose, but still have been a little superior to what it is at present. However, we presume *doggery* is the proper style to adopt when treating of canine matters.

"The Victoria Golden Almanac." Howlett, Frith-street, Soho. 1868 is Leap-year, and the names of the almanacs which announce that fact are legion. Among the prettiest of the pocket ones we must give Howlett's a high place. The information it contains is varied, and its appearance is elegant in the extreme. As a specimen of pretty printing we should think it was unrivaled.



THE VILLAGE OF MODANA, ITALY.

WRECK ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

EARLY on Wednesday morning the 20th instant, a French timber ship, the *Courier*, ran ashore on the Goodwin Sands. A heavy sea was running. The captain and crew took to their boat and abandoned the vessel. They arrived all safe at the Dover Sailors' Home. We give an illustration of the Trinity Beacon, Goodwin Sands, on page 681.

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

A new crater on Mount Vesuvius opened on the 12th, to the right of the two cones formed by the eruption of last year; and a second cone half-way up the great cone on the side towards Bosco Resale. A stream of lava had flowed out of this latter. Two other smaller openings have been formed in the same direction and at the level of last year's lava, and they shoot into the air a great number of small stones. Finally, the great peak has been cracked in several places by the severe shock given to it.

CAMBRIDGE being once more agitated by the conflict between the upholders of Greek and Latin verse making and its assailants, and pre-liminary gulls at Oxford betokening a coming tempest, it is as well to ask the defenders of the venerable manufacture whether they are not confounding two things which ought to be kept carefully distinct. Is it by the study of the writings of the great Greeks and Romans that the intelligence of undergraduates is best cultivated, or by the attainment of a technical correctness in the placing Greek and Roman words in a metrical order? It is a perfectly undeniable fact that a capacity for the thorough comprehension of the meaning of words written in any language, whether ancient or modern, is quite a separate thing from a capacity for personally speaking or writing that language itself. Of the many thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen who can read French and German not only with ease, but with a critical perception of the precise meaning of every word, how many are there who could read and write French and German with anything approaching to critical accuracy? The distinction between the two kinds of accomplish-

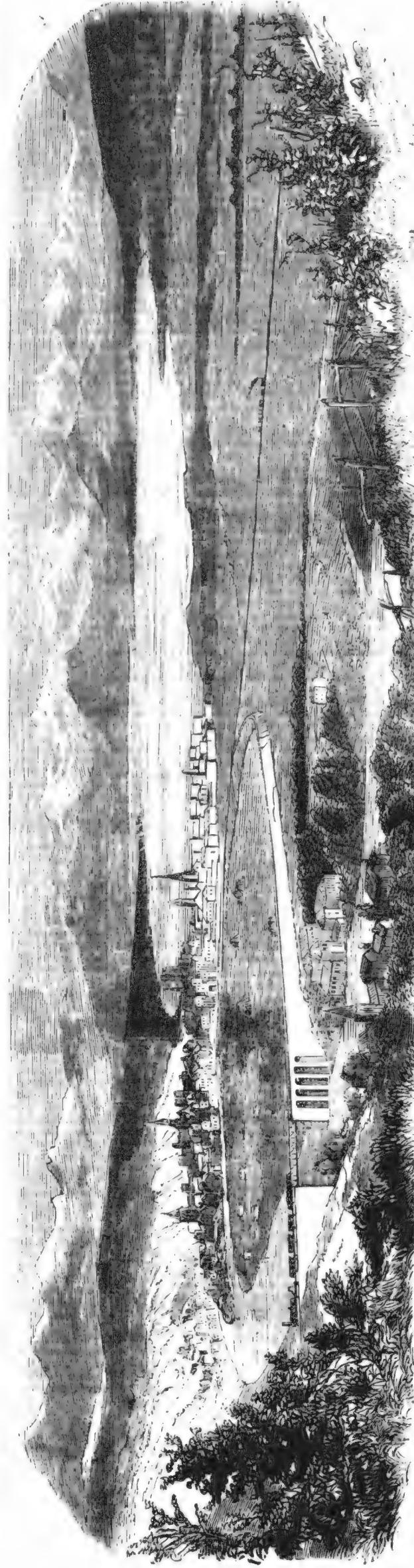
ment is notorious. Why, then, are we to persevere in a system which is based on the notion that the grand aim of a university education is to teach young men to speak and write Greek and Latin? The system is nothing more than a relic of a past stage in European civilization, when Latin was the universal language of the learned, and it was as necessary to be able to write and speak Latin as it is now for a diplomatist to write and speak French. Having banished Latin prayers and sermons (with a few exceptions) from their churches and chapels, Oxford and Cambridge still cling to their old bigotries in their examinations, and so they will cling until a younger generation swells the present minorities into majorities, and Latin verses go the way where Latin speeches in Convocation and bishop's wigs have gone before them.

NAVAL OFFICERS.

NAVAL officers have long felt the hardship of being turned ashore in the almost indigent indolence of half-pay immediately on their return to England and paying off their ships, no matter how long they may have served on foreign stations, or how impaired their health may have

ST. JEAN DE MAZZIENNA, ITALY.

become through the rigours of climate. The Admiralty have met the cases of most of these officers by directing, in a circular just issued, that staff commanders, lieutenants, navigators, chaplains, naval instructors, staff surgeons, surgeons, assistant surgeons, paymasters, chief engineers, engineers and assistant engineers, may, at their lordships' discretion, be allowed, on the return from service on foreign stations, the full pay of their respective ranks for the following periods, according to the length of their service abroad, viz.:—Over two and under three years, six weeks' full pay; over three and under four, seven weeks' full pay; over four years, eight weeks' full pay. The same to commence from the date of their being paid off, or of their return to England, as the case may be. It is also provided that sub-lieutenants, navigating sub-lieutenants, and assistant paymasters may also, at their lordships' discretion, have the same privilege under similar circumstances, if not on the ships' books. Officers superseded for their own convenience, dismissed by sentences of court-martial, or removed from their ships for any misconduct, are very properly excluded from this boon. These regulations came into operation on the 1st December.



THE TOWN AND LAKE OF ZURICH.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

By this time the British army corps, despatched chiefly from Bombay by way of Aden, has fairly taken the field in Abyssinia. Organised under instructions from the Home Government, by Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, the Governor of Bombay, and Sir Robert Napier, commander-in-chief of the army of a presidency, and now commander of the Abyssinian expedition, this force is to consist of 12,000 to 15,000 men bearing arms, with efficient military and transport trains, and a large number of servants and camp followers, who are said to bring the total number up to nearly 50,000 men. Add to these 30,000 mules, packhorses, and camels, for transport, with a rocket force formed of able seamen from the fleet, and we have an army sufficient to give a good account of King Theodore, if it can only surmount the difficulties of climate, and penetrate the almost unknown country which divides it from the tyrant who has so insolently defied our power. The place for landing the army was not chosen without much deliberation and consultation with those best acquainted with Abyssinian geography. The careful inquiries and surveys made by Colonel Merewether, the political resident at Aden, whose services to the Government have been invaluable in this matter, have assisted in guiding them to the conclusions at which they have arrived. When the Portuguese army which conquered Abyssinia entered the country in 1541, their place of embarkation was opposite the island of Massowah. For centuries past the route of Massowah has been chosen by the merchant caravans in their trade with Gondar, and the Abyssinian pilgrims on their way to the shrines of the Holy Land. Massowah, which is not in Abyssinian territory, but which, along with the whole coastline, belonged till lately to Turkey, and has now been ceded to Egypt, has thus come to be universally regarded as the one point of contact and communication between this strange country of Eastern Africa and the outer world. When the English expedition was first proposed it was universally expected that Massowah would be chosen as the starting-point; but, on inquiry, it appeared that there were many and grave objections to this selection. Neither at Massowah nor on the main land near it was there any supply of fresh water. The shore was unfavourable to landing, the anchorage was indifferent and quite incapable of accommodating any large number of transports. And so Massowah was given up, and the Government agents had to look out for a more hospitable port. There were travellers who recommended Tajoora, in the Gulf of Aden, far to the south of Massowah, and nearly in the same latitude as Debra Tabor and Magdala. It was found, however that the roads from this point westwards were untried and unknown, that the only beaten route to Dembea, Gondar, and the fortresses, was that from the north. The point to be chosen must be as near as possible to Massowah. To the south of this island there are two bays, the first, Annesley Bay, a long deep inlet of the sea; the second, Howakil Bay, wider and larger. The objection to Howakil was the same as that to Tajoora, that nothing was known of any route from thence into the interior. The choice of a port thus lay between Amphila and Zulla, in Annesley Bay, and finally Zulla was chosen as the more promising of the two. The same difficulty is encountered here that is met with on every part of this inhospitable coast. There is no good supply of fresh water near the sea. There are muddy pools whose contents are soon exhausted. There are old wells inland, the water in which is unwholesome, while new borings disappoint the explorer by yielding nothing but brackish or salt water. At Zulla, however, it was found that at a distance of sixteen miles in the interior there was a stream of running water which could not possibly be exhausted. At Zulla, too, there is anchorage for any number of transports; and, though the shore approach is narrow, no difficulty has been yet experienced in landing the troops, animals, and stores. The Bombay Government has shown its usual promptitude in fitting out and despatching this expedition. Just two months after the letter from the India Office, in which it was intimated that such a force was to be prepared at Bombay, the preparations were completed, and the advance brigade had actually landed.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—Dr. H. James, the retired physician, continues to send by post, free of charge, to all who desire it, the copy of the prescription by which his daughter was restored to perfect health from confirmed consumption, after having been given up by her physician and despaired of by her father. Sent free to all on receipt of one stamp.—Address, O. P. BROWN, Secretary, No. 2, King-street, Covent-garden, London.—[ADVT.]

THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY.

THE recent Ritualistic and other meetings in connection with the Church of England, has again brought this nobleman prominently before the public; we therefore present his portrait in this week's number. His full name and title is the Right Hon. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. He was born in 1801, and educated at Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in 1822. In 1826, as Lord Ashley, he became M.P. for Woodstock, and supported the Governments of Liverpool and Canning. In 1851 he succeeded his father in the peerage. The chief object for which he has laboured in and out of Parliament has been to benefit the working classes, and to raise them in the social scale, by means of education, the improvement of their dwellings, and in the spread of the Gospel. His name, however, is so well known with regard to these latter works that we need not enumerate them.

NEWS FROM BELGRADE.

THE latest news from Belgrade reports the withdrawal from the Servian Ministry of M. Garaschanin, a statesman who has for many years played an important part in Servian politics. His great ability and energetic character have gained him considerable influence in Servia, and it was chiefly owing to his efforts that Prince Alexander Karageorgiewicz was driven from the throne. It is said that he hoped that he himself would be appointed Alexander's successor, and he withdrew for a time into private life, when Milosch Obrenowicz was re-elected sovereign. Subsequently, however, he accepted the post of Minister President, which he has just resigned. During the first years of his tenure of office he was a staunch supporter of the Eastern policy of the Emperor Napoleon, but of late he has shown a strong penchant for Russia. The cause of his resignation was the affair of the Danubian steamer Germania. He wished—at the instigation, it is said, of Russia—to make that affair the pretext for a rupture between the Servian and Turkish Governments; but all his efforts with this object failed in consequence of the decided opposition of Prince Michael, his Sovereign, and he had compromised himself so seriously in the matter that he then had no alternative but to resign.

PARIS EXHIBITION.—Gentlemen, before starting for the Continent, should go to JONES & CO'S, 73, Long Acre, and purchase one of their Half-Guinea Hats (the Hamilton), new shape, which, for style and durability cannot be equalled.—JONES & CO. Manufacturers, 73, Long Acre.—[ADVT.]

MINISTERIAL TROUBLES.

As November brings in a general return of work of all kinds, and Ministers again take their places in the midst of their several departments, there is naturally a fresh growth of those ministerial troubles which take the shape of deputations. At the close of last week there seems to have been quite a crop of them, especially from the direction of Liverpool. Two Secretaries of State appear to have been visited by some influential gentlemen from the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, eager to promote internal communication between India and China by means of a railway through Burmah and across the Chinese frontier. This great undertaking has for many years past been advocated with extraordinary energy and perseverance by Captain Spry and his son, and certainly, if such qualities alone could command success these gentlemen would have succeeded. There is scarcely a commercial association in the provinces that has not been induced to send in some kind of memorial or representation in favour of this scheme; scarcely a provincial paper of note that has not been persuaded to advocate it. But somehow or other it has not prospered in London. The official departments have considered only "how not to do it." The matter seems to lie between the Foreign Office and the India Office; but neither has adopted the banting. It is one more instance of the fact that it is one thing to look at a question of this kind from a commercial point of view, and another to regard it from a political point of view. It may be a great gain to commerce to have these communications opened out, but it is a hazardous business to attempt to do it. Commerce looks only at the accomplished fact. Statesmanship looks at the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. It is a perilous undertaking to run a railway through the country of a semi-barbarous potentate on our frontier, who may apparently accede to the project, hating it in his heart and determined to throw every difficulty in the way of its completion. Long before railways were thought of, even in England, it was considered by Oriental princes that the first step towards the annexation of their country was the employment of a British steam vessel on their rivers. There is now the same or greater jealousy with respect to our railways. But even apart from the apprehensions of the ruler of the country, we have to consider the obstructions ever likely to be thrown in the way of such enterprises by petty local officials (often for purpose of gain) and the inevitable collisions between our workmen and the people of the country—all of which things, with a sensitive and high-handed people like ourselves, are sure in the end to lead to bad results.

WASTE OF PUBLIC MONEY.

FROM the "Military and Naval Intelligence" of the *Times* we learn that the Admiralty and the Horse Guards are *en délices*, and that the result of the misunderstanding between these two departments is a wanton waste of public money. The Crocodile lately brought home the 2nd battalion of the Rifle Brigade from the Mediterranean, and landed them at Portsmouth, their destination being Plymouth, to which place they have had to return by special train, changing from the narrow to the broad gauge at Exeter. There appears to have been no reason why the Crocodile should not have landed the Rifles at Plymouth, on her way up Channel, by which simple and obvious arrangement much fatigue would have been spared to the troops, and upwards of £1,000 would have been saved to the public. In another instance a Hussar regiment lying at Exeter was ordered to embark in the Serapis for Alexandria. The Horse Guards recently wished the Hussars to embark at Plymouth, whereupon the Admiralty decided that the regiment must come up by rail to Portsmouth, and there embark. And "My Lords" carried the day, the Horse Guards went to the wall, and the public paid the piper.

ON Monday two men were brought before the Hammersmith magistrate charged with the wilful murder of George Frederick James. The deceased and two friends were in the Swan public-house, Broadway, Hammersmith, about half-past eleven on Saturday night. One of them had a hare, and he was chaffed by some other persons there as to how he came by it. James and his friends left the house to avoid a quarrel, and on reaching the corner of the street they stopped and had some parting chat. Suddenly the prisoners, whose names are Thompson and Webb, came up and attacked them. The deceased and one of his friends were knocked down. The latter regained his feet, and was again floored, but when the police arrived James was found lying on his back dead from a stab in the region of the heart. On searching the prisoners a long, thin clasp knife was taken from Thompson, with fresh blood upon it on both sides, and the waistcoat pocket, from which it was taken, was also stained. The prisoners were remanded.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]



THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY.

LAW AND POLICE.

UTTERING A FORGED BILL OF EXCHANGE.—George Mason, who was described as a contractor, has been brought up before Alderman Dakin, charged with uttering a forged bill of exchange.—Mr. George Best said he was an auctioneer, and carried on business at No. 8, Coleman-street. He had made advances of money to the prisoner on several occasions. He had had three transactions with him. On the 23rd of October he was indebted to witness in the sum of £23 10s. and the costs of an auction. On that day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoner called at witness's office to settle that matter. He said he had a quantity of drain-pipes lying at the Bricklayers' Arms Station, and he wished to know whether he would be a purchaser. If witness would buy them he might deduct his debt and costs from the purchase money. Witness said he would purchase them if they suited him, and asked for an inspecting order, which he said he would get, but he had to meet somebody to procure it. He left, but returned within an hour, and told him that he had met the drawer and acceptor of a bill for £22 15s., whom he had known for many years, and they were desirous of having that bill discounted. He inquired of the prisoner if he saw the bill drawn and accepted, as the ink on the bill was quite damp, and he said, "Yes, he had seen them write it, and had only just left them." The prisoner said he was in an hurry, and if he would let him have £3 on account he would call the following day to see if he was satisfied with the bill; if not he would return him £3 10s. for the £3, and take the bill away. He gave the three sovereigns, and the prisoner left the bill, which purported to be drawn by James Mayo, and accepted by James Smith, builder, No. 3, York-place, Lower Wandsworth-road, payable three months after date. The prisoner did not call as he promised, nor did he pay the money. He had not seen the prisoner since until he was in custody. He waited six days, and then sent to Smith and Mayo, and found that Smith could not write, and Mayo had absconded.—Cross-examined: He first saw the prisoner in Horsemonger-lane Gaol, where he (the prisoner) was confined for debt. A gentleman witness went to see introduced him to the prisoner, and he purchased some cement from him.—The Prisoner said that Mr. Mayo asked him to get the bill discounted, and he saw Mayo draw it. He never saw the acceptor, but Mayo got it accepted and brought it to him.—Alderman Dakin said they must have the acceptor and the drawer present to prove that the bill was a forgery.—Mr. Best said there would be no difficulty in getting Smith, but Mayo had been out of the way for the last six weeks.—The Prisoner was then remanded.

THE OMNIBUSES AND THE NEW TRAFFIC ACT.—Mr. Alderman Lusk, M.P., said that since the new Traffic Act had come into operation, he had had a great many omnibus drivers before him for not drawing up as close as might be to the near side of the road to take up and set down passengers, and in every instance they had pleaded ignorance of the law. He had therefore fined them very lightly, although he strongly suspected they were not so ignorant as they pretended to be. He had since noticed particularly the operation of that portion of the Act, and he was struck with the excellence of its working. There was now no stopping a line of traffic in the middle of the road for the sake of one omnibus man maintaining the lead and keeping all the other vehicles under his control behind him, for he was by the new Act obliged to pull into the near side of the road and let the ordinary traffic go past him. The result was that the streets were now free from blockage, and the traffic went smoothly and rapidly on. He was therefore determined in all future cases that came before him to carry out the provisions of the new Act with a rigour that would enforce obedience.

CHARGE OF EMBEZZLEMENT.—John Cook Neil, a clerk, living at 48, Crown-street, Finsbury, was charged with embezzeling several sums of money from Messrs. Farwig and Co., of Paul's Wharf, his masters.—The evidence showed that in July, 1866, the prisoner received a cheque from Messrs. Dean and Co. for £15 1s. 3d.; another from Messrs. Vivian and Younger, of 117, Leadenhall-street, for £7 9s. 9d.; another on the 8th of December, 1866, from Messrs. James and Shakespeare, of No. 10, Austin-friars, for £14 5s. 8d.; and another on the 28th of April, 1867, from Messrs. French and Smith, of Brabant-court, Philpot-lane. Besides these, Mr. Beard said there were numerous other cases to go upon, amounting in the aggregate to a very large sum.—Mr. Farwig proved that neither of the above sums had been accounted for to him as they should have been.—Edwin Brewer, 36, Princes-street, St. John's-wood, said he was at present out of employ. He was formerly a booking clerk in the Metropolitan Railway Company. He was formerly, and even at present, on terms of intimacy with the prisoner. While he was in the company's service he had charge of the Baker-street Station, and had money of the company's under his control. He gave the prisoner money for two of the cheques produced—viz., the £14 5s. 8d. and the £15 1s. 3d., and the cheque for £5 5s. 8d. he had cashed since he had left the company's service.—Cross-examined.—At the time he was in the company's service he knew the prisoner was in the service of Messrs. Farwig and Co., that the cheques were made payable to them and were crossed, but knowing the prisoner, and believing him to be a substantial man, he cashed them for him, and would have done it had they been for double the amount. He had cashed many hundreds of cheques for regular passengers that he knew.—Mr. Beard said the witness cashed them because he believed them to have been paid to him as part of his salary.—Mr. Alderman J. C. Lawrence said it was a very wrong thing to cash a crossed cheque, because it destroyed the object for which the cheques were crossed.—The prisoner was committed for trial.

ATTACK ON THE POLICE.—Michael Whorty, an Irish labourer, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with assaulting Lane, 216 D. and Surry, 30 D.—Police-constable Lane said—I was on duty in Oxford-street, between Duke-street and Orchard-street, when I saw the prisoner and about 20 or 30 others, all of whom were more or less drunk, standing together on the pavement. I requested them to go away, when the prisoner said, "We will not till we think proper, and we will let you chaps see that you can't do as you like." I told him that if he did not move I should be obliged to take him into custody, and he then made use of disgusting language, upon which I took him into custody. After going about 200 yards the prisoner succeeded in releasing himself, and kicked me on the legs. He struck me in the face several times, and, on another constable coming to my assistance, the prisoner also kicked him, and a crowd then got round us, and we were pelted with stones. I can hardly walk from the kicking the prisoner gave me. It required four of us to get the prisoner to the station, and on the way one of the mob came up and whistled, and then we were pelted with stones by the crowd, and 30 D had his head cut open.—Mr. Tyrwhitt: Had the prisoner and his companions formed part of the procession to the park?—Lane: The prisoner and his companions had come from the park, and had possession of the pavement, so that no one could pass without going into the road.—Prisoner: Was I drunk or sober?—Lane: Drunk, and you made use of very bad language.—Police-constable Surry, 30 D, deposed: I was on duty in Oxford-street and saw 216 D surrounded by a crowd, and no one could pass. I went up and asked the prisoner why he did not go away as 216 D requested him to do, when he made use of a most filthy expression. 216 D then took him, and after going a short distance he struck him several times in the face and kicked. I then seized hold of him, when he kicked me several times in the lower part of the body. While holding the prisoner by the collar one of his companions from behind gave me a severe blow on the back of the head. On our getting into Wigmore-street the crowd

again pelted us with stones, and a large one struck me on the back of the head, cutting it and causing it to bleed, and I was obliged to go home in consequence.—The Prisoner: I went to the meeting in the park, and met two young men and went into a public-house at half-past two. On leaving the house when they were closing we went across the road, and met some more chaps just coming of another public-house. There were a good many of us standing there at the time, and the police wanted us to go on, and took more notice of me than the others, and pulled me about, but I was not drunk, as they say.—Mr. Tyrwhitt: You are one of those violent fellows about London ready for any possible mischief which could be found. You will be committed for fourteen days for each assault. There will be no fine at all and you will have hard labour.

THE THIEVES' BAZAAR IN MINT-STREET.—J. Johnson, aged 35, and Mary Johnson, aged 35, were charged, on remand, with being in unlawful possession of a large amount of property, the proceeds of many robberies.—Since the remand, Sergeant Ham and Police-constable Jenkins, of the detective force of the P division, have been actively engaged in tracing out the owners of the large amount of property found in the house occupied by the prisoners, at No. 23, Mint-street, Borough, and owing to the valuable aid afforded by the publication of a description of the several articles in the papers the "bazaar" at Carter-street Station has been numerously attended, and clothing, tools, &c., identified as part of the proceeds of several robberies, the perpetrators of which it is also believed will eventually be brought to justice. The officers have also now found at two pawnbrokers the following valuable property, which, if described, will doubtless lead to other important discoveries. The duplicates relating to this property were found in possession of the prisoners and comprised the subjoined:—Pledged Feb. 27, new linen table-cloth, marked "24" in ink; five sheets, marked "Hitching, 2, 1862" in ink; one cloth bed-gown, two white petticoats embroidered round bottom; one striped woollen shawl, with black fringe; a pair of child's new boots. March 2, a Paisley scarf shawl. March 17, two silver teaspoons and a mustard ditto, with crest, "a dragon's head and wings." March 23, one gentleman's gold mourning ring engraved with words, "In memory of;" lady's gold ring, set with turquoise and pearls, gold necklace, small gold locket. May 13, one linen table-cloth, fine linen shirt, worked front (mark evidently picked out). March 21, red and white woollen table-cover, stained with ink; green muslin dress piece, two silk handkerchiefs, one lavender, marked "R," and one red and green; three yards of new flannel, one black scarf shawl, three calico sheets, four calico chemises and one linen ditto; flannel petticoat, long calico bed-gown, child's worked frock, two calico shirts, with linen fronts and cuffs. June 18, a new swing dressing-glass, 8 inches by 22, numbered at the back, "22,816, N. 62." June 22, a tapestry carpet and rug, plated teapot, ditto mustard-pot lined inside with blue glass, ditto cruet-stand (four cruet), a gentleman's gold ring, set with a sardonyx stone. June 28, a feather bed and bolster, linen tick. July 9, a feather bed and linen tick. Oct. 1, a Paisley scarf shawl, silk fringe; and three pieces of cotton print. Nov. 5, a calico sheet, children's flannels, child's long frock, embroidered, five children's calico bed-gowns, four calico shirts, with linen fronts and cuffs. Nov. 7, two yards of flannel, new grey poplin dress; new black frock coat with silk lining, one yard of red merino, and three yards of new calico.—Sergeant Ham now said, owing to publicity the owners for more property had been found.—Mr. Elliott said the evidence in some of the principal of the cases had better be taken.—George Cooper, a carpenter, of Nullsfield-place, Green-lanes, Stoke Newington, identified some tools which were stolen from a house at which he was at work six weeks back in the Seven Sisters-road, Holloway. Some of the tools had his name branded on them.—Thomas Norris, another carpenter, identified other tools belonging to him, and stolen from the same place.—Police-constable Jenkins stated that in looking over the property he found some linen marked in ink "Taylor." He pointed this out to the female prisoner, who said, "Yes, I know; I have had those things a long time." He asked her how she became possessed of them, when she said she bought them of a woman, who might come again. The property was the proceeds of a robbery which took place on the 31st of December last.—Ann Smith, a laundress, living at Melville-square, North Brixton, proved that on the night of the 31st December she was in one of her carts, and while driving along London-road, missed a bundle of linen belonging to Mr. Taylor, of 7, Holland-place, Brixton. She then saw a man run, with the bundle in his possession, down Union-street, London-road.—Elizabeth Reynolds, servant to Mr. Taylor, identified the articles produced, which formed part of a bundle of linen she made up and delivered to the last witness.—Sergeant Ham here intimated that there were several other cases, but the witnesses were not then in attendance.—The prisoners, who, through their solicitor, reserved their defence, were then fully committed for trial.

THE EXECUTIONS AT MANCHESTER.

THE melancholy business of Saturday was accomplished—very impressively. Manchester was unusually quiet on Friday night; the whole city seemed oppressed by the seriousness of the event so soon to be fulfilled. Nor were there many people in the streets till seven o'clock in the morning, when dense crowds began to gather—almost all the mill hands losing a quarter of a day's work to see what the whole country was anxiously thinking about. These crowds—obviously very much excited, but tolerably orderly—did not show any preponderance of Irishmen; It was said, indeed, that the priests had put their influence to a very wise and worthy use in urging the Irish to remain away. For the mob there was no chance of approaching the scaffold. It was surrounded by the police, and by nearly two thousand special constables. These latter were for the most part volunteers, who, however, did not commit the blunder of appearing in uniform. One of the results of this arrangement was that the audience of the miserable men was altogether composed of those who were arrayed in the cause of order. Besides these constables, 120 Highlanders were posted within the gaol, with thirty artillery-men and two guns, and there were soldiers in the neighbouring warehouses and the railway goods station. There were of course a good many spectators at the windows; they were watched with great suspicion, and their names taken down.

The spectators in the streets saw little. In the first place, the distance from the ends of the streets to the scaffold was considerable, and a mist surrounded it—a mist which at first appeared in puffs, and suggested Fenian fire. This mist, thickening, spread like a curtain between the scaffold and the people, who swayed backward and forward in great masses, and sent up a hoarse murmur of disappointment, not unnatural, but very unpleasant to hear. But at the last moment, almost, the mist lifted.

The prisoners expected a respite almost to the last minute, and when they were told there was no hope of respite, declared they died martyrs. They appeared upon the scaffold immediately after eight had sounded, the officials who attended them looking very anxious. The executioner had particular reason for a little anxiety—he had received a threatening letter. Three priests, in their robes, attended the prisoners, reciting the last prayers, to which Gould responded most earnestly. The other two were less self-possessed. Gould shuffled towards Allen, shook hands with him and kissed the priests. Larkin fainted, and fell forward at the last moment; and after the drop fell struggled for some time. When all was over the priest remained praying.

All this while the crowd was quiet, and indeed seemed hardly to distinguish the moment at which the unhappy men were despatched out of the world.

The following is a copy of the threatening letter addressed to the hangman Calcraft; it was sent to the gaol on Friday night:—

"Sir,—If you hang any of the gentlemen condemned to death at the New Bailey Prison it will be the worse for you. You will not survive afterwards."

Calcraft upon reading this epistle wrote as follows to the visiting justices:—"I have received the enclosed letter. It seems a serious job. I hope you will look after it, and that I shall get safe home again."

No execution ever passed off more quietly. As we have said already, the streets were almost deserted. All was dead silence and stillness in the main thoroughfares for several hours on either side of midnight; the only crowd observable was the cluster of special constables in the space directly in front of the scaffold. The more well-disposed inhabitants of both boroughs yielded a wise obedience to the request made by the mayors of Manchester and Salford.

The following additional details will be found interesting:—When the hour fixed for the execution had arrived, suddenly the words of military command were heard, and a company of the 72nd Highlanders marched round the court-house, and took up a position in line at the foot of the staircase. Simultaneously small detachments of the same regiment ascended to the platform, and crouched there with their loaded rifles slightly projecting over the prison wall. At almost the same moment the heads of a line of soldiers arose above the parapet of the railway viaduct. The sentries on the viaduct ceased their walk, the magistrates and reporters stood aside, and a dead silence prevailed for a few moments as a signal was given from a corner of the Round House. At three minutes past eight o'clock the solemn voice of a priest repeating the Litany of the Roman Catholic Church was heard, and the head of the procession became visible through the thick fog, about thirty yards from the foot of the staircase. The Rev. C. Cantwell walked first, by the side of Allen. The convict was deadly pale, his eyes wandered alternately from the priest to the individuals standing round. He walked with a tolerably steady step and uttered the response, "Lord have mercy on us," in a firm voice. Next to him came Larkin, in whose appearance confinement and anxiety of mind had wrought striking change. He walked with difficulty, and required the support of the warders as he mounted the staircase. He seemed to join mechanically in the responses, and as he approached the head of the stairs he gave one hasty glance at the black beams overhead, and seemed about to faint. Gould was the last, and he met his fate more firmly, joining in the responses with a steady voice. About five minutes past eight o'clock the door leading from the gaol-yard to the scaffold was opened, and the same instant almost every head in the crowd was uncovered. Allen was the first to appear. He was deadly pale and closely clasped a crucifix. Calcraft at once placed the white cap over his face and adjusted the rope. Meanwhile the convict continued engaged in prayer. Then followed Gould, who walked with a firm step. On coming to the drop he shook hands with Allen and kissed his right cheek. He too was forthwith capped and placed in the noose. Larkin was the last to mount the scaffold, which he did with firmness, and, indeed, with a smile upon his face, and, like the others, he submitted unresistingly to the preliminaries. They all joined loudly and earnestly in the responses, "Jesus, have mercy upon me; Jesus, receive my soul!" When the bolt was drawn and the three bodies dropped, Allen was dead in about a minute, but the death of his fellow-criminals was more painful, both Larkin and Gould appearing to struggle some little time. All the three showed symptoms of fear; Gould the least. The bodies were cut down at nine o'clock.

Father Gadd, on Friday morning, again visited the prisoners, who received his consolations in a very appreciative spirit. Gould maintained a very quiet demeanour, and supported his position with great fortitude. At 1.30 Larkin's mother, wife, and children visited him. His mother, previous to going to the cell, was very much excited, and repeatedly said while waiting in the corridor of the prison that her son would not be executed, and the rope was not spun that would hang him. Two of Larkin's sisters-in-law, who are said to have come from Dublin, presented themselves at the prison gates, and requested to see him; but as the unhappy man had expressed no special desire to see them, the authorities deemed it advisable not to admit them. Allen's mother visited her son between one and two o'clock. Father Gadd had a conversation with the friends of the condemned men previous to their being admitted to the cells, and stated that the men were preparing themselves in a becoming manner to meet their doom. Shore, who had apparently become resigned to meet the capital sentence, received the intimation that a respite had been accorded him in a becoming spirit.

It may be as well to recall the particulars of the crime which was expiated on Saturday morning. The offence was committed on the 18th of September last, when the Fenian prisoners—Kelly and Deasy—were rescued from the prison van in Hyde-road, Manchester. Many persons were taken into custody in connection with this outrage, and a special commission was appointed for their trial. Mr. Justice Blackburn and Mr. Justice Mellor, the judges named in the commission, began their labours on the 28th of October; and the first five prisoners arraigned were Allen, Gould, Larkin, Shore, and Maguire. An ineffectual attempt was made to obtain the postponement of the trial, which occupied three days, and on the 1st of November all the five prisoners were found guilty of wilful murder. Each of the prisoners made speeches before sentence was pronounced; the remarks of Allen, Gould, and Larkin (the three who were executed on Saturday morning) were of an inflammatory character, and obviously intended to excite the public mind both in Ireland and in America. Mr. Justice Mellor sentenced all the five prisoners to be hanged, and held out no hope of mercy. A few days afterwards circumstances which came to light induced a general belief in the innocence of Maguire, who received a free pardon, and who has since re-entered Her Majesty's service as a marine. Other circumstances becoming known respecting Shore, it appeared to Her Majesty's Government that they might with propriety advise the Queen to exercise her prerogative of mercy in his favour; and he received intelligence of a reprieve. In the case of the other three, although great pressure was brought to bear upon the Home Office, it was felt that the law ought to take its course, and the Government declined to advise Her Majesty to interfere with the sentence which has just been carried out.

A LITERARY TABLE.

(Dedicated to the DICKENS' Dinner Committee.)	
2 Smart Squibs	equal 1 Magazine Article.
3 Magazine Articles	" 1 Short Story.
4 Short Stories	" 1 Novel.
5 Novels	" 1 Success.
3 Successes	" 1 Small Income.
4 Smart Incomes	" 1 Fair Fortune.
3 Fair Fortunes	" 1 Tol-lol Reputation.
6 Tol-lol Reputation	" 1 World-wide Fame.
2 World-wide Fame	" 1 Public Dinner at a Guinea a head!

Tomahawk.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—Our friend Blackstone Coke is at length rewarded for the patience he has shown in waiting for employment since he was "called." He has become a Revising Barrister. Yesterday, we found him correcting a proof.—*Punch.*
THE BEST POSSESSION.—Self-possession.—*Ibid.*

LOAN SOCIETIES AND BILLS OF SALE.

ALBERT v. the Grosvenor Loan and Investment Company was a case of considerable importance to loan societies. The plaintiff, a Frenchman, being in straitened circumstances, applied to the defendant's company for and obtained a loan, giving a bill of sale upon his property as security. The defendants having seized the property the plaintiff brought an action against them for a wrongful seizure and selling, which was tried before the Lord Chief Justice, when the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £50, with leave for the defendant to move the Court for a new trial upon the question of "default" under the circumstances. The rule was subsequently obtained and argued, and now the Lord Chief Justice delivered judgment.

The Lord Chief Justice said he thought the Court, without violating a fundamental principle with regard to deeds by admitting parole evidence, were unable to decide this question. Anything more unjust or oppressive than was done by this company it was impossible to conceive. They distinctly told the plaintiff's wife that she should have an extension of time allowed her for the payment of certain instalments, and she having allowed the period of payment to pass in consequence, they then gave the notice that they would take advantage of the forfeiture under the deed. She went, however, within the prescribed time with the full amount of principal and interest, yet nevertheless they seized and sold her goods, for doing which this action was brought. He must say it was an arbitrary and oppressive proceeding; and if there was an inviolable rule of law in constraining the bill of sale, as had been contended for by the defendants, the Court must have given effect to it; but he did not think there was. It was quite true there was a fundamental rule of law that the terms of a deed should not be altered by anything that passed by parole, and the cases referred in support of it were well decided, but this case did not come within them. This was a mortgage, whereby the mortgagor transferred the property in his goods to the mortgagees, but subject to a right of redemption, the effect of which was that they could not seize the goods or sell them unless default was made in the payment of that for which the deed stipulated. By this document the payments were to be made on certain fixed and specified times. It appeared that before one of the instalments became due the plaintiff's wife went to the secretary and treasurer, who was the only person who interfered with the management of the business of the society. There was no director or any other person present at the office who interfered with the transactions or concerns of the company but this man and a cashier. This man saw the plaintiff's wife, and arranged about the payment, but he afterwards wrote a letter which was intended to alter the extension of time that had been granted. It was this man who granted the extension of time, and agreed that the two payments which had become due in August should be paid with the third instalment in September. The terms of the deed were that the mortgagee should only be entitled to enter upon the premises and seize the goods in case default was made by the mortgagor. Now the question was, what was the meaning of the word "default," and the defendants having waived the forfeiture by the extension of time, it could not then come under the true meaning and sense of default. And it would be monstrous, for obvious reasons, if they were to hold otherwise, because a mortgagee might, if he was so minded, at any time lead a mortgagor into a snare, for nothing would be easier for him than to verbally give a man time, and yet, after payment, claim the right of enforcing the forfeiture as if the money had not been paid. Default must mean what in justice and in equity it was intended to mean—viz., where something was wrongfully done by the act of the party who made the default, and not by the party who otherwise would have the advantage of the default if he were not an assenting party to the delay that took place. Looking to all the circumstances of this case, and reading the term "default" in its true meaning, an extension of the time of payment took it out of that which otherwise would have been a default.—Rule discharged.

RITUALISM IN LAMBETH.—RIOTOUS CONDUCT IN A CHURCH.

SAMUEL ROUSE, 29, a respectable-looking young man, described as a merchant's clerk, residing at 65, Spencer-road, Stoke Newington, was charged with creating a disturbance inside All Saints' Church, Lower Marsh, Lambeth, and committing damage to a font to the extent of £7, the property of the Rev. Dr. Lee, the incumbent.

Mr. Sleigh, in opening the proceedings, said that he was instructed to prosecute the defendant for being concerned, with others, in committing a disgraceful tumult inside All Saints' Church, Lambeth, during Divine service, casting ridicule upon the ornamentation of the interior of the building, and wilfully breaking the font. During the celebration of the Holy Communion, on Sunday noon, some person who received the bread, instead of eating it, placed it in his pocket.

Mr. Collette here intimated to the learned counsel that it was not bread, but a wafer.

Mr. Sleigh understood that to be so; but as soon as the person placed it in his pocket a disturbance ensued. That, however, was soon quelled at the altar, but soon afterwards a number of persons rushed to the other end of the church, and defendant was seen to push the font over and break it, committing damage to the extent of £7. He was instructed to say that when the defendant got outside the church he admitted smashing the font and gloried in doing so. He was therefore given in charge. The learned gentleman then called.

Lionel Haynes, a young man, who said he was a City clerk, and resided at No. 131, Upper Kensington-lane. He said he was a chorister at All Saints' Church, Lower Marsh, Lambeth, and on

Sunday morning was there in the performance of his duties. A little after one o'clock as witness was about to enter the vestry, he heard a disturbance near the other end of the church. He immediately took off his surplice and chasuble, and put on his gown; and on proceeding towards the font he saw the defendant cutting at some flowers which decorated a cross, and laughing at it.

Mr. Burcham asked if the disturbances went on during the service?

Witness replied in the affirmative. Near the chancel end people were jeering at the cross and the flowers surrounding it. As soon as the defendant pushed the font over he hurried out of the church. Witness went and told Dr. Lee, and from what he said he went in search of a constable. Outside the church he saw the defendant in a crowd, when he heard him say, "I have pushed the thing over with smash." He then called a constable and gave him into custody.

Frank Wynne, a merchant's clerk, said he was present at All Saints' Church, Lambeth, on Sunday morning, and heard a disturbance outside the altar. He understood the prisoner had taken the consecrated wafer, and instead of placing it in his mouth he put it in his pocket. After that he saw the defendant, followed by about twenty others, rush towards the font. Some one among them called out, "Protestants, do your duty." As soon as they got to the font defendant pushed it over. Last witness then came up, and he and the defendant had a struggle together, and then the latter left the church. He did not see him given into custody.

Mr. Burcham here remarked that there was a great discrepancy between the evidence of the two witnesses.

Mr. Collette assured his worship that the young men were quite mistaken as to his client, and he had half a dozen respectable witnesses who could prove that he was not near the font when it was thrown over.

Mr. Sleigh, in answer to Mr. Burcham, said he was not in position to carry the case any further, therefore he must withdraw the charges.

Mr. Burcham told him he could hardly take any other course after the evidence given by the witnesses. No doubt they had made a mistake, and in such a tumult he did not wonder at it, especially in a crowded congregation. The defendant must under these circumstances be discharged.

Mr. Collette asked for the costs of his witnesses, who had at great inconvenience attended to give evidence.

Mr. Burcham told him he had no power to grant costs in such a case.

Mr. Collette observed that if such was the case his client would bring his action for false imprisonment.

The parties then left the court very much excited.

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